

# The Listener

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## Causes of War

### Analysis of Divers Prescriptions

By The Rt. Hon. SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

I HAVE been asked to sum up the series of talks on the Causes of War which have been broadcast during the last few weeks. I wonder what you think of them. Have they left a clear picture on your mind? Do you feel that you can now be up and doing, that your doubts are removed and that the way to peace stands clear before you? If so, you are more fortunate or much cleverer than I. It may be that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but there is certainly no agreement amid these discordant voices. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Well, it is generally the patient who in such cases must determine whether he will undergo the operation. You and I are the patients. What help have the doctors given us?

#### Diagnosis and Suggested Cures

Dean Inge told us that fear is the great cause of war, and a change of heart the only remedy. True as far as it goes, but not, I think, very complete, and certainly not very comforting. It may point an ultimate goal, but it does not take us very far on our road today.

Then Mr. Money Kyrle and Mr. Aldous Huxley bring psychology to our aid. Here, I confess, I am a little out of my depth. 'Precipitating' and 'predisposing' causes I can understand, but our 'unconscious minds', our 'inverted' and 'projected' impulses, our alleged tendency to 'melancholia', 'paranoia', and 'homicidal mania', to sadism and masochism—well, do you recognise the motives of yourselves and your neighbours under these

strange words, and do they help you to read the riddle of the Sphinx? Perhaps, as Mr. Huxley concludes, we must look elsewhere for more practical guidance in our present troubles.

Do you find it in the advice of Mr. Cole or Major Douglas? They at least know their own minds. Their ideas are concrete, and capable, if you approve them, of practically immediate application. Unfortunately they do not agree in diagnosis or prescription. Mr. Cole perceives that the causes of war are many and deep-rooted, but offers no remedy except the nationalisation of private armament firms. Nationalise them and you will have removed the most immediate danger. Are you quite certain, by the way, that no danger can ever come from Russia now that all Russian factories are nationalised? But not at all, cries Major Douglas; you are barking up the wrong tree; armament firms are neither here nor there. It is the monetary system of the world which is at fault, and the Governor of the Bank of England who is the arch-villain of the piece. Adopt my Social Credit Scheme, provide everyone with a 'National Dividend'. All your distresses will disappear at a wave of my magic wand and everyone will be too happy ever to think of war again. Isn't it all a little too simple? Every man praises his own wares. 'There's nothing like leather', said the cobbler when the villagers were discussing how best to protect the village green against cattle.

Sir Josiah Stamp's address is fresh in your memories. I do not need to recall it.

### Politicians' Panaceas

I have kept the politicians to the last, for I am more at home among them, and it is from the standpoint of a man whose life has been devoted to politics, that is to the art of government, that I must make my contribution to this discussion. They, too, have clear views and definite suggestions, but again they differ as profoundly among themselves as from all the other speakers, though I think (I may, of course, be prejudiced), that the politicians come nearest to realities.

Sir Norman Angell sees in the desire for security the main cause of war. Like the Dean he thinks fear is at the bottom of armaments, but he holds that competitive armaments will never cure fear, for each step to win security by one side appears only as a fresh menace to the other. He looks, therefore, to the creation of a system founded on the League of Nations in which, if a nation refuses to accept arbitration for the determination of a dispute in which it is involved, all the other nations, or at least all the great States, shall unite their arms to crush it. The knowledge that this will be the result of aggression will effectually restrain the aggressor. We shall all be safe not by our own strength, but because all will obey a common law and each will know that the penalty for a breach of that law will be complete, immediate, and inescapable.

Lord Beaverbrook comes next. His view is the exact opposite of Sir Norman's. As far as we are concerned, he argues, there is no danger of war if we mind our own business, cultivate the goodwill of our kinsmen overseas, and leave the foreign devils to go to perdition in their own way. The causes of war, according to him, as far at least as the British Empire is concerned, are only two: the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the Treaty of Locarno. Let this country follow the example of Germany and Japan; let it withdraw from the League of Nations, let it declare that circumstances have changed since we signed the Treaty of Locarno, that we refuse to be bound any longer by a scrap of paper. Then all will be well; other nations may scratch and claw, may arm and fight, triumph or be trampled underfoot. Powers may wax and wane, States may rise and fall, but it will be none of our business. We shall dwell aloof in safety and grow fat on Empire trade. He does not deign to notice the fact that the Dominions and India are members of the League in their own right and by their own choice; that they have voice and vote in the Assembly and sit from time to time on the Council of the League. What warrant has he to speak in their name? Will they, too, leave the League, and, if not, will our going out unite the Empire?

### Isolated, But Not Insulated

If the argument were sound, if such a policy would in fact secure our safety, is it not all the same rather an ignoble position for a great nation like our own to take up? But is it sound? Is the lesson we learn from life that each one of us can afford to go his own way regardless of those around him? I do not so read life or history. The United States are 3,000 miles from Europe; we in these days are within gunshot of the Continent. Yet the United States were drawn into a war which began with the murder of an Austrian Archduke. Lord Beaverbrook believes a fresh outbreak of war to be inevitable in the near future; I do not share his pessimism. Many 'inevitable' wars have never been fought, when some sharp corner has been turned and time has been given for passions to cool and reason to regain her sway. But of this I am certain, that war would come sensibly nearer on the day on which Great Britain broke her plighted faith and denounced her treaties, and that such action, coupled, as Lord Beaverbrook wishes it to be, with the public renunciation of all interest in the welfare and safety of other nations and all concern in what they do or suffer, is perhaps the only policy which could bring a united world in arms against us. Man cannot live to himself alone; neither can nations.

With every improvement in communications, with every increase in the speed of travel, our fate is interwoven more closely with that of our fellows. We may be isolated, but we shall not be insulated. If our neighbour's house is burning, the wind will carry the sparks whither it listeth. Some of them may well set our thatch ablaze.

### World Danger Spots

No; often and deeply as I differ from Sir Norman Angell in this matter, I stand much nearer to him than to Lord Beaverbrook. I come closest of all to Mr. Churchill. Perhaps it is not without significance that of all the speakers we are the two who have had most to do with the conduct of foreign policy and the handling of international affairs. I agree with Mr. Churchill that the prime cause underlying the present unrest in Europe is the spirit which is now at work in Germany. When a nation of seventy millions, to whom discipline is natural and organisation easy, deliberately exalts war in the teaching of its youth, denies Christian morals and exalts pagan ideals; when it represses all liberty of speech and thought and action, and is allowed to see nothing, hear nothing, and read nothing except what its rulers think it good for it to be told; when it declares a racial war against a part of its own citizens; and when, in defiance of all international comity, it attempts to impose its own system by every form of attack except direct invasion of territory on a small, neighbouring State; then I say that other nations, and not least we in this island to whom liberty is as life itself, do well to look to our armour, for such a spirit is a danger to the whole world. 'Live and let live' is our motto. 'Conform or perish' is the Nazi creed. The Hitler regime is firmly rooted; I do not expect it to be overthrown. The safety of other nations depends on Hitler's power to develop in it a new spirit. He cannot calm the fears he has aroused by words alone; we look to him for acts of peace.

But it would be a mistake to treat our subject as if it were a question of Germany alone. There are other danger spots in the world. And this brings me to the heart of the matter. I regard the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague as an admirable institution for settling international disputes which turn on questions of law or of fact. So, too, I think the Council of the League of Nations an admirable instrument for purposes of conciliation, bringing neutral judgment to bear, allowing time for passions to cool and rendering possible concessions from both sides which neither party would feel able to make directly to the other. In such cases it should always be possible to reach a peaceful solution. They ought not to be a cause of war.

The real danger arises (and it is curious that nothing has been said so far in these talks on this point) when there is no dispute about the law or the facts, but when the law itself is felt by one party to work intolerable injustice. Such are those frontier questions which, owing to the intermingling of races, must leave a racial minority on one side of the boundary or the other, draw the frontier where you will. In such cases there is only one guarantee for peace; it is that the aggressor should know beforehand that if he seeks a remedy by war he will find massed against him such overwhelming force that he cannot hope for success. Here we reach the real 'cause of war' in the world today. What is the remedy? I see but one.

It is (and here I quote words written by the late Lord Balfour) by 'knitting together the nations most immediately concerned and whose differences might lead to a renewal of strife, by means of treaties framed with the sole object of maintaining, as between themselves, an unbroken peace. Within its limits no quicker remedy for our present ills can easily be found nor any surer safeguard against future calamities'.

Such were, for Western Europe, the Treaties of Locarno. Such is the proposal for mutual guarantee now

(Continued on page 1043)



Switching in energy

## The Promise of Power

By HUGH QUIGLEY

*This account of the National Electricity Grid, by the Public Relations Officer of the Central Electricity Board, introduces the special programme to be broadcast from London Regional on Thursday, December 20, at 8.15, which will give a picture of the extent, the effects, and the potentialities of the Grid*

**T**RAVELLING over a spacious moor one may see a lonely rank of towers with the sunlight edging their fine lines of steel or tipping transmission cables, and wonder vaguely why they should be there outside of civilisation in a strange world of their own. Or one may come down into the Southern country with its soft masses of foliage and indistinct perspectives and see again the towers cutting a way over patterned fields and low hills, glistening white in tone and uncompromisingly straight in line. Now that we have become accustomed to them, they do not seem such monsters of deformity, these slender steel structures which bear a network of energy from the great centres of human activity to the lonely moorland and quiet meadow. But is this not an intrusion of industry into the quiet places which have escaped its blight? Look at the middle of England, how the dark towns smoke and labour under industry's sway; must more and yet more of the country be caught into this other net, gleaming though it may be? Well, these towers are not necessarily the forerunners of industry, though they were born in it. Instead, they are the guardians of Blake's vision.

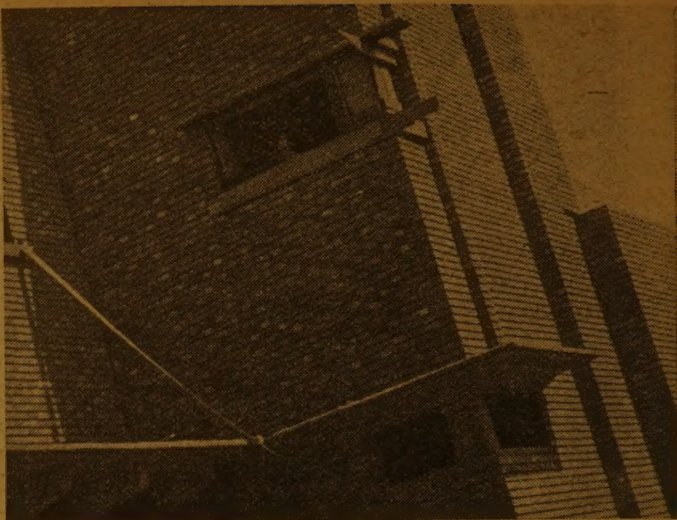
Surrounded by ugliness and waste, with chaos in transport and the planning of our towns, one may question at times the possibility of ever planning our civilisation afresh; one may question the utility of what we have achieved, and include in

one gesture of condemnation the towers and the generating stations and the transmission lines of electricity as well as the desolate towns and gloomy factories. The desire to escape, to return to rustic simplicity is natural to men soured with the mistakes and disfigurement of a whole century, but it is probable that they will find their escape more easily through the creations of modern science and the growing insight of modern industry.

Now that the Grid system has been completed, the dust and conflict of amenity skirmishes been swept away by time, and the towers absorbed into the changing landscape of industrial and rural Britain, it is time to take stock of this new national possession, if only to ensure that its genuine utility be understood.

The fact that electricity could recapture a certain amount of man's lost liberty, free him from industrial bondage and menial labour and go, in fact, a step beyond the limits set by the past when a small section of the community alone enjoyed the individual liberty recorded by philosophers as the prerogative of human beings, brought with it recognition that electricity must be available in abundance and universally.

The necessity to produce electricity in great quantities and transmit it over wide areas had always been apparent to the technicians, but its real economic justification in Great Britain



#### Revolution by Electricity—the old order and the new

The illustrations show (top left), a colliery in Scotland under old conditions, (top right) new electrically-heated baths at a Scottish pithead, (bottom left) disorderly fog-making chimneys in a factory town, and (bottom right) the smokeless plant of an electrically-equipped chemical works

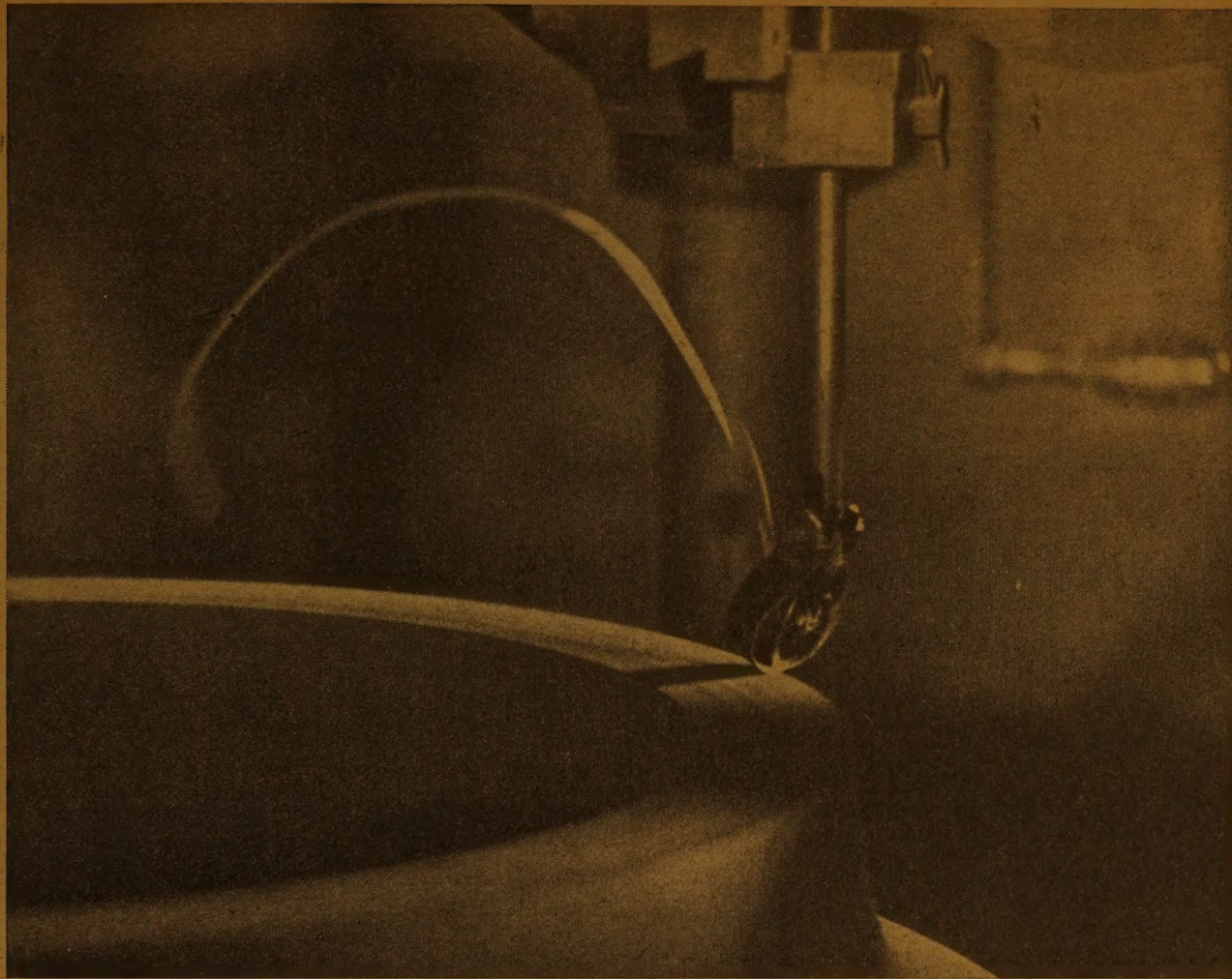
first became apparent at the deliberations of the World Power Conference in 1924. At that Conference, which was attended by the leading experts from every industrial country of importance, the whole question of super-power was debated in minute detail and it was generally established that if a country—particularly an industrial one like Great Britain—were to maintain its economic position intact in the world, it would have to deal seriously with the problem of electrification on a scientific and wholesale basis. This meant that the production of electricity could no longer be scattered among an enormous number of small producers serving restricted localities independent of each other. Elsewhere progress had already been achieved through the concentration of electricity supply in super-power stations linked up by main transmission lines to form vast pools of energy covering areas in many cases equal to the whole of Great Britain, and it became essential for this country, too, to face a situation which had become critical in its complexity. The government thereupon appointed a Committee to deal with the whole question of the reorganisation of the production and main transmission of electricity, in order to ensure that some attempt would be made to give administrative and technical expression to what was regarded then as super-power.

As a result of the findings of this Committee, the Central Electricity Board was formed at the beginning of 1927; by the end of 1933, it had brought the whole country into one immense interconnected system composed of about 142 generating stations which were selected for their efficiency from among the original mass of stations. These were linked up by transmission lines 4,000 miles in length, operating at 132,000 and 33,000 volts. We have, therefore, at last realised

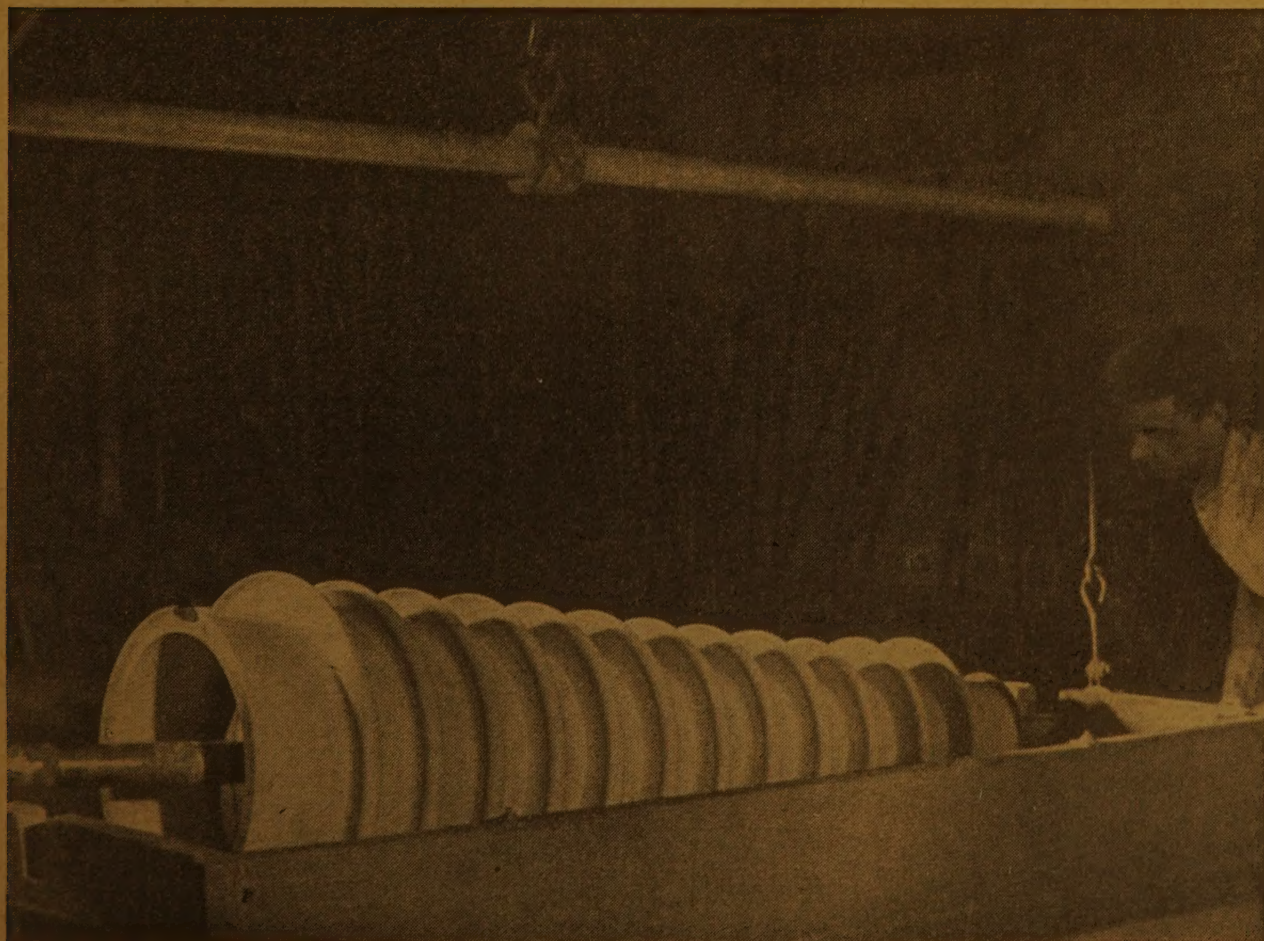
in Great Britain that ideal which was uppermost in the minds of the experts who were present at the first World Power Conference. We have created our own national power system under public control and we have laid the foundations, at last, for what may be regarded as a new industrial and economic order based on the efficient distribution of power.

The transmission lines which draw electricity from specially chosen generating stations, form the grid, or national pool of power, and supply municipalities and power companies. They, in turn, retail electricity to millions of consumers, to the great industries as well as to the inhabitants of small townships located deep in the country.

The actual construction of the grid represented one of the most important engineering and industrial achievements of this century, and it came opportunely at a time of very deep trade depression so that it kept employed many sections of industry which otherwise would have been affected by the prevailing crisis. The grid, with its transforming and switching stations, accounted for a total consumption of at least 150,000 tons of steel, for rather more than 12,000 tons of aluminium, 200,000 strings of insulators, transforming and switching plant equal to more than one year's output of the whole electrical manufacturing industry, for something like 300,000 miles of single wire woven into the overhead conductors—an immense achievement in terms of industrial effort. The innumerable ancillary industries such as building, engineering, cement, wood working and pottery, which combined to make certain parts of the grid as it was erected, and the actual labour of excavating and establishing the foundations for the 26,000 towers and the 273 switching and transforming stations, should also be brought into account.



Turning an insulator base to size



Glazing a power insulator

New problems of engineering design were involved not only in the construction and erection of the towers which were to carry lines at very much higher voltages than ever before, but also to take the current across navigable rivers. The most important of the river crossing towers were at Dagenham and over the River Roding—the former almost 500 feet high, the latter 362 feet. For the latter there was almost no model in the world which would be of value to the engineer. The result is that the Grid owes nothing to applied art and it has no decorative qualities other than those inherent in its technical function: it is in fact a perfect example of what Herbert Read terms 'machine design'.

The opposition which the Grid aroused among supporters of the old order in art and decoration and amenity may have been opposition to what is essentially the simplicity and utilitarian bareness of the modern age. Now that the Grid has been erected and one can actually see the long lines and latticed steel work of the towers; appreciate the patterns formed by insulators and the detailed perspective in the switching and transforming stations of masses of machinery placed in order; see, in silhouette, the lofty structures of the Thames and the Roding crossing towers—one begins at last to understand vaguely what is meant by the economy and essential beauty achieved by science and technique when they are applied to a great public service.

What, then, is the background against which we ought to

turbo-generators, of which the largest has sufficient power to drive two Atlantic liners as big as the *Queen Mary*. In isolated rural areas, at the other end of the system, are small transforming stations tapping the overhead lines in order to supply electricity to villages and farms



The Grid in industrial north-east England

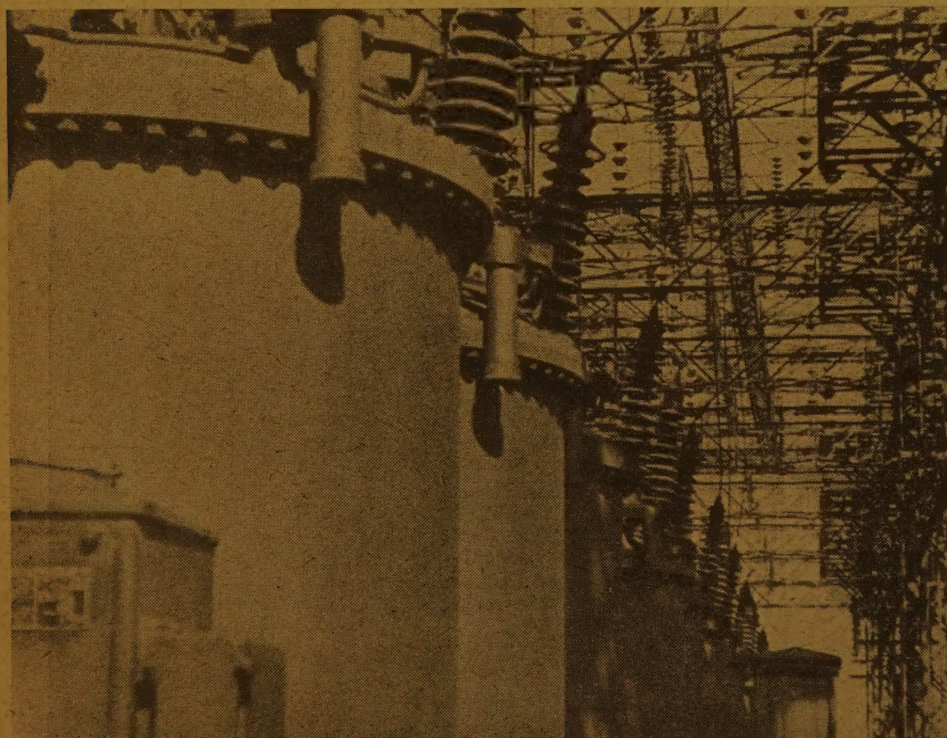
where, until the Grid came, only candles and oil lamps were available.

What lies between those two extremes, the super-power station and small rural sub-station, symbolises the whole complicated mechanism of our civilisation. New factories, built since 1924, almost without exception, use electricity for lighting, heating and power purposes; all new houses built by local authorities since 1929 are lit by electricity, and in many cases also use it for cooking and heating, and the extension of distribution mains into outlying areas has brought over 6,000 farms already into the public system. Practically every activity in our lives is affected at one point or another by electricity, so much so that the study of actual and potential development has become as complicated and all-embracing as a census.

At the beginning of 1924 the number of consumers supplied by electricity undertakings was little more than two million, but now, at the end of 1934, this figure has risen to over six million, and in three years' time it should be in excess of eight million. By 1940, therefore, at our present rate of progress, every industry of importance in the country, every house, except isolated dwellings in

remote areas, almost all progressive farms and the greater part of the transport system, will be run by electricity.

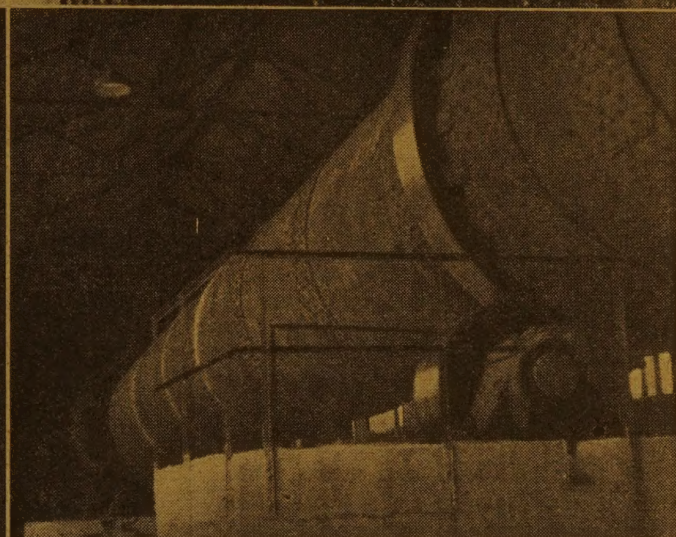
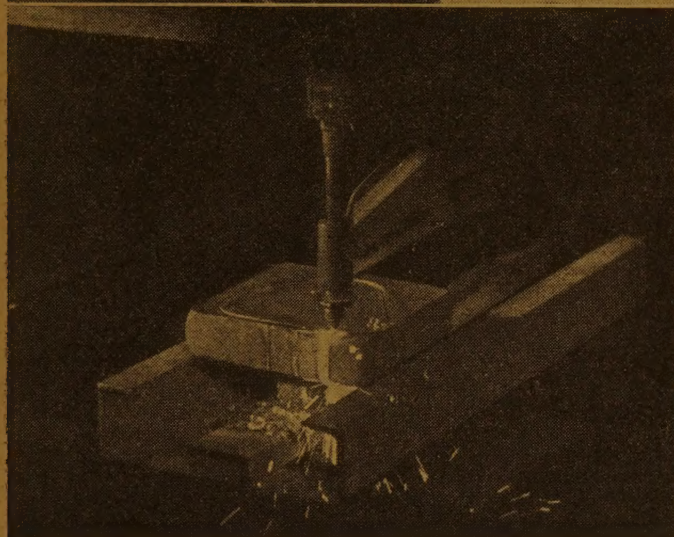
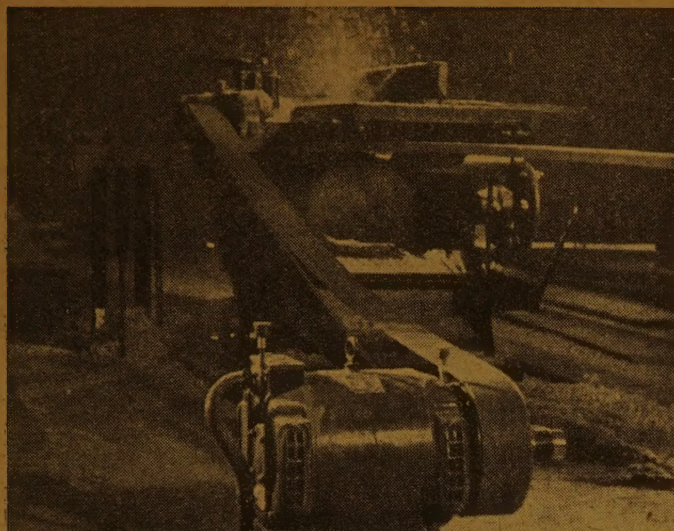
Now almost eight years after the construction of the Grid was begun, we can see already some of the benefits of this



Line of high-pressure oil-switches in a grid station

*Illustrations from the Gaumont-British Instructional Film 'The Face of Britain'*

place this achievement? It is a background represented by a complicated power system with great generating stations, some of them representative of the most advanced industrial architecture of the age; these stations feed energy from powerful



### The Grid Applied

(Top left) Sawing wood in a rural workshop  
(Bottom left) Cutting through a steel plate

(Top right) Electricity brought to private houses in a rural township  
(Bottom right) Revolving drum in a Sussex cement works

effort. The demand for electricity has grown so rapidly that the entire group of industries and services connected with it gives employment now to over 350,000 workers and has made them one of the greatest industrial groups in the country. Small industries which were barely able to exist a few years ago have become very large and efficient producers. In such things, for example, as the manufacture of electric cookers, the total annual demand in the country four years ago was less than 20,000 cookers; now it has risen to over 150,000 and is practically doubling itself every year.

By another test, the actual social value of electricity supply, the achievement is already plain to see. At one time it was considered impossible for electricity to enter into a working-class home for any purpose other than illumination, but many supply undertakings, by careful study of demand and by the adoption of intelligent hiring schemes, are now in a position, in densely populated areas with difficult slum problems, to supply electricity and hire electrical apparatus for the poorest types of working-class houses at inclusive prices which are less than 2s. 6d. a week. If we add to that the cost of a coal fire, a figure is obtained for a working-class household for light, heat and power less now than that established by the Ministry of Labour in calculating its working-class budget in 1901.

The progress achieved in this direction has already been such that in less than two years' time one of the most highly electrified areas in the world, from a domestic point of view, will be represented by the East End of London, and by the former slum areas of St. Pancras and St. Marylebone.

When, therefore, we look at those transmission towers as they stretch over the quiet landscape or cut through the disorder and ugliness of industrial areas, we should at the

same time consider what those towers actually symbolise—a great new industry where production and bulk transmission of power are already under control of an organisation acting under Parliament in the public interest, working in effective co-operation with hundreds of distributing authorities, the majority of whom have already a full sense of what electricity means in terms of industrial advantage and social welfare.

The agricultural labourer cooking his breakfast on an electric stove, and the former slum-dweller, living in a new flat whence smoke and dirt and discomfort have been abolished, are perhaps more symbolic of what has been achieved than immense machines in new factories. The Grid will not have completed its first great period of co-ordination and of trading in bulk supply for at least ten years, but we can already see in broad lines the revolution which is being brought into reality with increasing speed every year.

The West India Committee (14 Trinity Square, E.C.3) has published a new edition of a book first issued in 1907, *Lady Nugent's Journal* (7s. 6d.), edited by Frank Cundall. This book deals with life in Jamaica a hundred and thirty years ago, and comprises the diary of the wife of Major General Nugent, who was Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica from 1801 to 1806. Lady Nugent's Journal, which she kept during this period, forms an entertaining and accurate commentary on life in Jamaica at the time. She touches several times on the vexed question of slavery, condemning the immoral attitude of many of the planters and their officials towards the slaves. Among the interesting episodes occurring during the period was Napoleon's expedition to subdue the black public of San Domingo, to which Lady Nugent makes many references. Life in Jamaica generally in those days was pleasant and prosperous. Much of the Diary is taken up with accounts of social functions, expeditions and excursions, interspersed with more comments on more serious affairs. The book will specially interest those who have first-hand knowledge of life in the West Indies.

# Working for Newfoundland

By SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

IT always seems to me very strange and sad to find how few people here know anything about Newfoundland, Britain's oldest Colony. How many of you know that she lies wholly south of London; or realise that she has poured into this Empire for 400 years more wealth than any gold mine, or what magnificent men she produces? Her cod, herring and salmon fisheries—her widespread forests—valuable furs and other almost untouched assets, make her very valuable to us, still more so does her position in the ocean, half way between London and New York.

Over forty years ago I found myself cruising in a small hospital schooner off the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador among 1,000 British fishing vessels and 30,000 people, along endless miles of rock-bound coast. Yet there was not one lighthouse or one landmark there, and no reliable chart available. In one gale, in 1908, forty-one vessels were driven ashore—we ourselves picked up nineteen of their crews, but only one vessel was saved. Her waters were dangerous with ice even in summer. I have seen a piece of ice cut through the soft wood planking of a fishing schooner as a knife cuts through butter; yet there was no repairing dock of any kind available. On one occasion when we had lost the shaft and propeller of our first hospital steamer on a reef, we only managed to save the ship by towing her ourselves in a sailing schooner across 300 miles of open Atlantic to St. John's. Later on I did lose another steamer while trying to do the same thing.

Along this whole coast there was not one resident doctor or one trained nurse, and the only communication was by one small mail steamer which plied infrequently; or by dog-sledge in winter.

In my first three months there, 900 patients came aboard for help, and I found that many among them who were lame and blind could be cured if only means were available. This seemed to me a challenge sufficient to lure any man who had any love for his neighbour to return, and try again.

More might have been done, I know, than has been done in the years that have passed since then, but at any rate a string of five small hospitals are working out there today, and besides that there are half-a-dozen nursing stations; four homes for orphan children, which are also used as boarding schools, one good repairing dock and a fine machine shop.



The 2,000-foot cliffs of Saegle Fjord, North Labrador

*Illustrations by courtesy of Lady Grenfell*

Amongst other things, a new chart of the coast is being made.

The poverty out there, which is really dreadful, is largely the result of the former universal system of truck trading, but great efforts are being made, and we have there now several industrial centres which are giving work to over 2,000 people. Our commonest diseases were due to poor diet, and such things as scurvy, beri-beri, and rickets—while tuberculosis caused a great many deaths. Now, however, practically every family has a garden, and every village a community cannery, which adds largely to the winter larders by preserving the surplus summer supplies.

The Commissioners sent out by the Government last spring are doing splendid work, and we are increasingly hopeful for the future. After all, the greatest joy of life is surely personal endeavour for the help of others, and that seems to me easier for the average man to attain in Labrador than in Mayfair.



Children at the St. Anthony Orphanage sawing wood—the Orphanage is run by the Grenfell Association

Sir Wilfred Grenfell's seventieth birthday comes this winter, and a group of his friends wish to mark it for him and for his work by establishing a small endowment fund in England. The annual budget of the Grenfell Association is £40,000—a very low figure considering the scope of the work; and one only made possible by the large amount of voluntary help given. The sum aimed at for the partial endowment fund is £10,000; and subscriptions, large and small, should be sent, and cheques made payable, to the Treasurer, Grenfell Endowment Fund (Miss K. Spalding), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1. There is no question that the truest way of marking appreciation of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's work is to ensure that it shall go forward.



*The scene of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's work*



# The Listener

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.*

## Square Pegs and Round Holes

**M**ONDAY'S meeting of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology brought out very clearly the huge field for research that is demanding the attention of the skilled psychologist. Most people are by now familiar with the idea that most of the processes and activities of factory and office life can be performed in more ways than one, and that to discover the right way is to effect an enormous saving of effort, friction and economic loss. In this country and, even more markedly, in the United States of America, a new and very valuable profession has grown up, that of observing from the outside how certain tasks are performed and suggesting alterations in the lay-out of the factory, in the arrangement of work-tables, in the classification of the materials used and in placing them in the most convenient manner, on the same principle that the standard keyboard of typewriters has been constructed. What is much less generally recognised is how much more there is to the whole science of applied psychology than appears on the surface. Many of the rearrangements which have resulted in much more work being done with much less effort in the same amount of time, are alterations which are really matters of common sense. Even so, business houses have commonly found that it has abundantly repaid them to invite an entirely fresh eye to observe their detail routine. Grooves become worn, conventions and traditions become established, the older and senior personages get into their peculiar ways, and nothing short of an authoritative investigator's report, which has had to be paid for, supplies the momentum to overcome the prospect of immediate discomfort which a change of habit demands.

It is the special excellence of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, which has now been in existence for fourteen years (it is one of the many vital growths resulting from the stocktaking of the War years) that it

envisages all these questions from a long-range standpoint, not seeking merely to find the quickest and simplest way of doing things, but attempting to discover more and more the workings of the human mind and nerves. The last few years have seen an enormous advance in the appreciation of the purely psychological factor. The great value of the activities of the Institute is obscured as long as people think of it in terms of the familiar instances in which a rearrangement of trays or shelves has proved advantageous alike to employer and employee. The real significance lies much more in the field of research. Thus it has been found by careful experiment that nothing is in fact more depressing, and consequently harmful, than the over-simplification of manual tasks. Experiments have been made among workers assembling wireless sets, a typical and growing modern industry, which showed that there was far more interest and zest when the operations involved were reasonably complicated and called for skill in the manipulation of eight different wires, than when the operations were simplified and the wires were reduced to two. There easily comes a point at which simplification ceases to be an advantage: and boredom sets in if mistakes become impossible. At first sight the task which psychologists have set themselves seems a herculean one, when they seek to find or make scope for creativeness, and for the eager play of constructive faculties with which mankind is pre-eminently equipped, in the routine tasks of modern factories and business houses. But the experience of the Institute in the last fourteen years has abundantly shown that there is no task which cannot be lightened by being performed in a particular way. Thus among the sorters of blackcurrants in a jam factory the work was greatly lightened merely by reducing the size of the heap presented at any one time to be dealt with. People could polish off a long succession of smaller heaps who felt an inevitable sense of hopelessness when faced with a very large one. Typewriting can be easier when certain rhythms are observed and much harder when they are ignored in favour of the uniform and monotonous tapping.

Research into the way the human organism acts is necessarily a lengthy business involving experiments over considerable periods and the use of highly skilled investigators. But its extreme importance will not be lost, on teachers in particular, who know from experience how easily young people today take up whatever employment presents itself without there being any consideration from parents or teachers or employers of the psychological, as opposed to the mere external school or examination qualifications of the person principally affected. Vocational guidance, extending now into the schools in the form of careers masters and mistresses with some grounding in modern psychology, can save in the course of a single afternoon an enormous amount of subsequent unhappiness. The records of the subsequent fortunes of cases which the National Institute has made, in London and Birmingham and Fife, among other centres, show that modern tests, whether verbal or practical, can afford reliable guidance as to the kind of activities which a particular individual will perform with ease and pleasure and the kind which she should be careful to avoid. There are people who take naturally to driving heavy vehicles in crowded towns, and there are others who do so under constant, and finally disastrous, strain. An analysis of the actions into which a particular employment can be resolved, and a close study by an experienced and sympathetic psychologist of the predilections and gifts of an individual child, can afford guidance of a very real and definite sort, and it should only be a question of time before we look back on the present 'hit or miss' methods as on an age which had only itself to thank for the number of square pegs in its round holes.

## Week by Week

**B**ELLS from all over the Empire will ring in this Christmas Day's special programme—bells from Bombay, Wellington, N.Z., Ottawa, Armagh and London, following on the Bells of Bethlehem from the Church of the Nativity. As for the programme itself, it will aim at giving listeners as good an idea of Christmas Day throughout the Empire as last year's gave them of Christmas Day at home. It is built up on the telephone; hence the title 'Empire Exchange'. London rings up the corners of the world, and gets back sound pictures and messages from thirty-six different places. These messages will flash in in the order that gives each, by connection or contrast with the preceding one, the maximum dramatic value. Thus voices from a whaler on an island in Tory Channel, New Zealand, will be followed by a fisherman in his cottage in the Maritime Provinces of Canada; a toll-keeper on duty at Sydney Bridge, Australia, will take over from a toll-keeper at the mouth of the Mersey Tunnel; and the Indian officer who will speak from a fort in the Khyber Pass will be succeeded by Chelsea Pensioners from the Royal Hospital with their greeting to the Army overseas. These messages will be reinforced by sound-pictures, and the English listener, fat and lazy after his turkey and plum-pudding, can sit back in his arm-chair and envisage the very different Christmases of the Xosa tribe in their compound in South Africa (with 8,000 natives declaiming a special ode of greeting to the King), of the cattle drovers in Queensland, or of the winter-sporters on the Grouse Mountain above Vancouver. The programme will be in every way an actuality programme—no special broadcast actors, everything as real as the King's voice which, for the third year in succession, will come as the climax of the listener's Christmas Day.

Mr. Leonard Woolley, the excavator of Ur, has drawn attention to some of the difficulties which confront the archaeologist today when he is working outside his own country—in particular the growing tendency of national governments, such as the Iraqi government, to claim the lion's share (and more than the lion's share) of the fruits of his work. Few studies are as dependent on international co-operation as archaeology, and few are so severely checked by the encroachments of unhealthy nationalism. Greek archaeology is a perfect example of the necessity for close international co-operation, since the area occupied by the ancient Greeks now includes ten modern European States. The healthy and intelligent nationalism that developed in Greece in 1830 led five years later to a decision to ask the help of foreign scholars in the examination and excavation of ancient remains. Greece has, ever since, freely admitted alien scholars to study and to excavate; today seven European States hold concessions for excavation, and each is allowed a maximum of three great sites to excavate. The consequence is that Greek archaeology is the most developed branch of all. Italy allows no foreign excavation at all (with one recent and unusual exception). Turkey follows the Greek custom and freely admits foreigners, though the laws of Greece and Turkey forbid the excavators to claim any share of the objects found in their excavation. Egypt and Iraq until recently allowed foreign excavation on a sharing basis, but the recent outbursts of extreme nationalism to which Mr. Woolley has drawn attention have now curtailed or abolished these rights. In lands like Greece, Italy and Turkey there is a case for forbidding the export of antiquities found in excavations, because the central and local museums are easily accessible to students, and most archaeologists agree that a site and the objects discovered on it are best studied together. But in the cases of remoter lands like Iraq or Egypt, the great expense of travelling limits the number of students likely to visit the museums to a very small number, and it is eminently desirable that a selection of antiquities should be available nearer to the main centres of European learning. Foreign archaeologists in Greece are satisfied if they hold rights of publication of what they find, and if it is adequately exhibited in the Greek museums. But if archaeologists in Iraq or Egypt learn that their finds will remain hardly ever visited in places which require three times the expense and time needed to go to Greece, they will pack up and go elsewhere. Already this narrow chauvinism has resulted in an exodus of excavators from Egypt and Iraq

to other regions such as Palestine and Syria, where conditions of excavation are more reasonable. If ever there were a problem ideally designed for solution by the League of Nations, it is the co-ordination of conditions of excavation in all countries represented on the League. The principle of retention of finds in countries easily accessible to study could well be abandoned in the case of remoter regions.

Who can profit best by a University education—those with a good general school record or those who have matriculated? The light of transatlantic experience is thrown upon this much-discussed problem by a group of investigators in Pennsylvania, whose report is sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation of New York. In America, where college education is a fetish, the general belief that everyone regardless of his qualifications has a right to four years in a higher institution of learning has led to a vast amount of 'human waste'. If this is to be avoided, say the Pennsylvanian enquirers, some better method of sifting the material than that of high school certificates (which correspond to our School Leaving Certificates, the equivalent of matriculation) must be found. The certificates have a purely relative value, the low-grade students of a school with high scholastic standards sometimes ranking above the honours pupils of other schools. Yet upon these certificates, supplemented by a brief personal interview, are decided ninety per cent. of the admissions to American colleges. Yet, bad as examination certificates may be, is there any satisfactory system which can replace them? The Carnegie investigators pin their faith to the 'cumulative record card' which, based upon objective standards (*i.e.* comparison with boys of the same age and training, etc.), records a boy's achievements over a period of years and provides all manner of information about his character and temperament, his out-of-school activities, and his state of health, both mental and physical. Consider for example the judgment of the record card on one unfortunate student, who had been rejected by the University because 'in a brief interview the Admissions Officer could make nothing of the shy, excitable lad'. It showed how he had read Shakespeare complete, and when twelve years of age brought to his teacher unsolicited an essay on 'Shakespeare in Politics', how he had studied French entirely on his own and translated three short French comedies. It is this sweep of evidence over a period of years which is valuable, not only in separating the sheep from the goats, but in adapting each intelligence for a medium to which it is suited. Can a single examination perform this positive function?

Our Scottish correspondent writes: One of the most heartening signs of æsthetic revival among us is the remarkable success so far of the Scottish Orchestra's season. Thanks to the usual absurd dissensions as between Edinburgh and Glasgow, to industrial depression, and to certain other factors best forgotten, the fate of the band seemed two years ago a very dubious proposition indeed. Now it is playing, and playing magnificently, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences everywhere. The revival is in part due to an imponderable recovery of the pride that got a shock when the existence of the Orchestra was threatened. It is in part a reflection of the excellent effect of broadcasting on popular interest in serious music. It is in the main, however, the personal triumph of Mr. Barbirolli, who has inspired players and public alike with a completely new faith. He is not afraid to say that his band provides orchestral playing as good as is to be heard anywhere in Europe today; indeed, he takes every opportunity of saying so; and he has the capacity, above all things, to substantiate his claim. One smiles to think of Scotland accepting inspiration from a mere Londoner of Italian origin, but it is at the same time possible to believe that Scotland was ripe for his ministrations. The Chamber Music Society of Glasgow, for instance, struggled on against desperate odds for several seasons. Last year it contrived for the first time to make ends meet. The two concerts held during the current season have shown a definite profit, and this highly experimental body is secure for the rest of the winter. It does not appear, moreover, that the slight industrial recovery has much to do with this rediscovery of musical enthusiasm, for the theatres, in Glasgow at least, have had a miserable autumn of it.

## Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

# Doubts and Hopes of Everyman

By F. S. MARVIN

*Mr. Marvin, who was for many years an Inspector under the Board of Education, is the author of numerous works on modern history of which the best known is 'The Living Past'*

I HAVE thought it might be interesting to imagine two characters of different temperament, like the imaginary people in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and hear what they might say on world affairs—on the relations of States to one another, which involves questions of diplomacy, of treaties and possibly of war, about which there is a good deal of anxious feeling at the present time. One will take the side of the great anxiety and alarm, and think that it is necessary to be as strongly armed internationally as possible. We will call him Mr. Fearful. The other will think that things are not going so very badly, that there are signs of improvement and that the means of conciliation already provided, especially by the League of Nations, may be trusted to do their work. We will call him Mr. Hopeful.

### After Fifteen Years of Peace

FEARFUL: It is now over twenty years since the Great War broke out, nearly fifteen years since the League of Nations began to work. What do we see? More States than ever surrounded by high tariff walls and constantly increasing and improving their armaments. In all States there has been an increase in the money spent on arms and in some it is now actually more than double what it was in 1914. The League of Nations, which was charged with the task of inducing the nations to agree to a reduction, has completely failed in this, though it has been discussing the thing continually for years. And on the top of this there have been this year a crop of political assassinations, two heads of States and one foreign Minister have been shot down, besides violent rioting both in France and Spain. In the Far West, in South America, a war keeps going on in spite of the protests of the League, while, in the Far East, Japan, having quietly disregarded the unanimous admonitions of all the State-members of the League, with the United States thrown in, is now holding a vassal State there as her own preserve and threatens to go further. What do you think of all that as the record of fifteen years' peace and progress?

HOPEFUL: I think that there is very much to make us dissatisfied and even anxious, but by no means enough to make us despair. Let us remember, in the first place, that, in spite of all the trouble and all the new nations created by the War, there has been no further war in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles, except the war between Russia and Poland which settled the Polish frontiers in 1920. Then as to these new nations. Far the greater part of their activity has been spent at home in developing their own resources and training their people. They have been training them for war, you say, and there is some truth in that. But is it wonderful that they should be a bit anxious about preserving their freedom and the frontiers that they have just won? And don't forget that of the new States—Succession States, as they are called, to the old empires from which they sprang—three of them have formed a new and purely defensive alliance, called the Little Entente, to keep the peace and help one another. These are Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, and they are anxious to have their neighbours join them, so that in the end we might see in our own times something like a new Switzerland arise in the Balkans.

### A Change in International Temper

As to the crimes of this year, what strikes me most is the extraordinary calm with which they have been received. So far from stirring people up to war as the crime of Serajevo did in 1914, they were received with a hush of horror. How is it possible that such things can happen? We must find out and prevent it in future. That seems to be the temper, and Yugoslavia has referred the question to the League in that spirit, and the League has just dealt ably with it and the Saar. As to the Far East and the Far West, one must remember that it is just in those parts that one would expect the influence of the League to be least felt. And, after all, there is a striking difference in the general result. Forty years ago the

invasions of China led to a general scramble in which all the nations of Europe took part. Today, the new province of Manchukuo becomes a purely local question. The rest of the world stands on guard to keep the peace, and Russia has joined the League with the same intent.

FEARFUL: That seems to me a very easy-going way. Let things happen and then try to put a good face on it afterwards. Things may settle down, as you hope, in the Far East, though I have grave doubts about it myself. But we will give you the benefit of the doubt about that, and take up the more important problem, the biggest of all. What are we to think, what will all the world think, of a body like the League of Nations which sets out to keep all the world together, and, above all, to keep the peace, and then, when a serious challenge comes, can only twiddle its thumbs and talk and talk, while a strong and determined Power goes ahead and does just what it intended to do, fighting and conquering while the League protests? Is it not clear that there is no security for the weak, and that the strong have only to say, 'I am not declaring war. I am only doing just what I want to do in my own way and you must make the best of it'? While things go on in this way, a time must certainly come when some other strong Power is not content to sit still and look on—and then you will have another Great War. No, the only way is to have the International Power so strong that no single Power can venture to oppose it. There must be compulsory arbitration in every case of difference between nations, and the League must be armed so that it can impose both arbitration and also the result of the arbitration on the Power that loses. The mischief lies in that idea of Sovereign States which are a law to themselves. There should be only one absolute Sovereign, the Will and the Good of all, and if the League is to fill the place which was intended for it, it must be armed to carry out that Will.

### What Is a Sovereign?

HOPEFUL: Good. I'm very glad that you have taken the question down to bedrock, because it is there that we need to get our ideas cleared up, which are always getting clouded by the debates and excitements of the moment. I quite agree with you that the sovereignty idea has a great deal to answer for. So let us examine it for a moment. What is a Sovereign, and still more, where is he or it sovereign? There really isn't any doubt about this, although people talk so wildly about it. A sovereign is the person or collection of persons, who in any given State have the final or absolute power to command. Thus, in Great Britain, the King acting in Parliament is sovereign, can command and carry out anything to be done or suffered by his own subjects. He has this power because the whole nation growing and acting together for ages has agreed that it should be so. And, agreeing on this, the nation has given the King such armed force in police, army, navy, etc., as to make him irresistible. But notice—and this is the most important point—that this sovereignty is only over the subjects of the given king or monarch, or the citizens of a given State. It does not extend beyond the State which has constituted it, so that when we talk of Britain's 'sovereignty over the seas', and so on, we are using very loose and misleading language. The way in which sovereigns in the past—whether monarchs or sovereign democracies—have attempted to extend their sovereignty outside their own borders has been a fruitful cause of unnecessary war. But, as everyone knows, no State has ever been able to act fully and exactly as it liked without infringing on the equally strong desires of some other nation. Therefore, from the beginning of history, the sovereignty of every State has been limited so far as its actions affect other States, by agreements with them which are called treaties. We find such engraved on stones by the quarrelsome Greek States hundreds of years B.C. Sovereignty therefore has never been absolute, though no doubt there have always been Sovereigns ready to act in defiance of their plighted word, just as if they were perfectly free to do what they liked. You

can find plenty of cases of this from the Athenian democracy down to Napoleon and later.

**FEARFUL:** Yes, and isn't it exactly what we see at the present day? Some States, which we have named, and others which shall be nameless, go on their way, as if they were unfettered or absolute. But we were all told that the League of Nations had been set up to carry out just the opposite idea, that no State was absolute, that all were to be subordinate to the whole. As this idea seems to be little better than the pious wish of a passing moment, I see no way out except that of making a real international force or State which can command the individual States just as the King in Parliament commands us. It is the logical result of history: first, a few families come together and make a clan; then the clans come together and make a sort of little nation—the French provinces or our Wessex, Mercia, etc.; then comes the big nation; and now, when the world is waking up to its unity and the madness of war, we must have the biggest of all—something like a World State. I won't stick to the word if you don't like it, but the thing in some shape seems to me essential, something to command us all, in our own interests.

**HOPEFUL:** Ah! You're right there. I do object to the word. It makes one think at once of the National State with its absolute power over its own citizens. Haven't we seen enough of what States may do in tyranny over their own people not to be cured of wanting one giant State to tyrannise over us all? I'm sure you don't mean that, and yet there is always that danger lurking in every great organisation with overwhelming power. Heaven save us from it, say I, as an Englishman. But there's no need to be an Englishman in order to see the impracticability of the notion. The National State works, and we obey it, because in the course of ages we, or our ancestors, have entrusted it with powers which we believe will not be abused. We feel sure that it will not command us impossible or too dreadful things. It will not take away all our property, though it may tax us—up to the limit, as they say. It will not, except for dire necessity, tear us away from the places and people we love, and so on. The State's power rests on this sort of confidence, and has grown slowly. Surely it must be even more so with the World State of which you speak?

### Is There an International Morality?

**FEARFUL:** Ah! Gradual but inevitable, I see, is your motto. I would accept the 'gradual'—though not quite the 'gradual' that we have—if I could be so sure as you are about the 'inevitable'. Why inevitable? It seems to me quite possible that mankind, by piling up their armaments as they are now doing and neglecting all interests except what they imagine to be their own, may in the end succeed in destroying civilisation, or, shall we say, continually destroy to such a point that it would take them all their time to build up again to where they were before: a hideous cycle of future events, not like the glorious cycle of Vico which went each time to a higher point, but a gradual downward slide to the abyss. What do you say to that? And what evidence have you that the 'gradual' in which you pin your faith, is really in the upward direction at all? Has there ever been a true international morality in the sense of treating other nations as we would be treated ourselves—altruistic, in fact? And if there have been any germs of such a thing in the past, can we now see them growing, or not?

**HOPEFUL:** It is difficult to answer all that quite satisfactorily to anyone, and impossible to anyone unless he has a certain modicum of faith. We cannot be quite certain—mathematically certain—about anything in the future. Our earth, quite conceivably, might be blotted out of the universe by a comet or dark star. Astronomers, however, do not alarm us about it. In the realm of human action, absolute certainty is still less attainable. The barber to whom you offer your chin for a shave might quite conceivably be seized by a fit of madness and cut your throat. We are not governed, however, in our daily life by abstract contingencies so remote. We act on the assumption that the behaviour both of men and things will be on the whole much as they have been before. But in the case of men we can trace a steady movement forward, both in thought and action, which I should describe as becoming on the whole more reasonable and more moral; more moral, I mean, just in the sense which you have mentioned of identifying ourselves with others and in laying a higher value on all life, especially, of course, human life. No one can question the advance in this direction, for we know that savage chieftains, like Chaka or Dingann, would put to the sword hundreds of thousands of innocent people without incurring the disapproval of their followers, and even in the highly

civilised times of Greece, in the fifth century B.C., the exposure to death of unwanted female babies was not condemned but even recommended by leading men. All men now regard these things with horror, and, if so striking an advance is possible in one branch of morality, there seems no reason why we may not expect it in others. No doubt it is more difficult to realise the humanity of members of other nations, people we have never seen, perhaps on the other side of the world. But this difficulty is being constantly reduced by science, and actually I should maintain that we do sympathise much more really and profoundly with other men, even from the ends of the earth, than was ever the case before. Such sympathy is the necessary basis of international morality, just as it is at home. I answer, then, that there certainly is an international morality, that from the earliest times nations have treated other nations with marked respect on certain occasions, and with kindness and humanity as a rule. As this has always been a mark of civilisation, and we are not in other respects becoming savages, I see no reason to doubt the permanence and the improvement of our behaviour in this respect.

### The Individual Swallowed Up by the Whole

**FEARFUL:** Yes. I suppose we should all agree that the individual man of the present day is a quieter and milder, if not really a kinder and more moral, creature than his predecessors of the cave or the Spanish Main. My difficulty is that this quiet individual, with all his good instincts budding, is caught up by some monstrous machine in the modern world and made to act, willy-nilly, just as a lifeless cog. It may be some giant factory or industrial trust, a political party or the State itself. It is these great beings that rule the world and they have no morality beyond their own interests. What had the individual soldier to say to the issues of the Great War unless he turned his back upon it altogether as a C.O.? And see how hopeless it is to get the League of Nations to do anything in the matter of disarmament, and a dozen other things, although we know that nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the countries who send the representatives ardently desire them.

**HOPEFUL:** There I agree with you. There I think you have put your finger on the real danger spot. But let us distinguish. People nowadays, at least in the more civilised countries, are not so much subject to pure blind passion as they were; they do not rush in multitudes from place to place as they once did, e.g. in the Crusades; they have more sense of what they are doing and more self-restraint. The masses today are held captive by machines or organisations which they personally can only influence to the smallest extent, and of whose working they have only a very imperfect knowledge. That is the present evil, and, as we need the organisation, the only way is to make it as easy and efficient as possible and enlighten the masses so that they may co-operate freely and intelligently. The new traffic arrangements in all great cities are a good illustration, with their roundabouts and coloured lights and Belisha beacons, all much complicated, but a great advantage for our safety and even speed. Now the new international necessities of the world have imposed upon us much the same sort of complicated arrangements, and the difficulty is not that people on the whole do not wish to work them but that they are so complicated that very few people have the time or the wits to understand them. This arises with every great question which goes to the League of Nations—disarmament, currency, labour conditions, etc. It is in this sense that men today are at the mercy of the machine, and the only hope is that goodwill and intelligence combined may in the end win through.

**FEARFUL:** Not a very hopeful prospect, I should have thought, when the very existence of civilisation seems to hang on prompt and decisive action in some great emergency. Why, it is just the terrific speed with which changes are now taking place in the world which makes an efficient International Authority so necessary. Everyone who is thinking of war is thinking in terms of days or even minutes. All will depend on who is able to strike the first lightning blow; and yet you are content to leave the pacification of the world to the slow spread of intelligence and goodwill. What I want is an international force able to act as swiftly in checking disorder and aggression as the war-mongers intend to be swift in promoting it.

**HOPEFUL:** Yes, I quite see your point, but I fear all the same that it is impossible to meet it in just your way. I cannot myself imagine an international armed force able thus to act at a moment's notice in any part of the world. It must of necessity be slower to get into action than the aggressor's troops or aero-

planes, prepared in secret, as you say, for sudden action. There are certain risks in life which must be faced, and this would seem to be one of them. But I am not so pessimistic as you are, either as to the likelihood of its happening or of its final success if it did. No doubt we ought to increase the supervising authority of the League over all national armaments. This, which has already been agreed to in principle, would, if properly carried out, make any such sudden outburst of illegal violence very difficult. And, if attempted, the League, as you know, has ample powers in reserve to make the attempt recoil with heavy loss on the offender. Economic and financial pressure, possibly even a peaceful blockade, would come before the actual use of armed force, which should be the last and not the first method of repression. Just in proportion to the degree in which the world is knit up by trade, finance, etc., so it becomes easier to bring pressure to bear on any nation to do its duty.

FEARFUL: Well, I can't say that you have set my mind at rest; and perhaps, as you have hinted, seeing the uncertainties of human life, that would be in a complete sense impossible. But it would be some small final comfort to hear whether, since the League got going, there has been any definite advance in international law, and whether one might expect any improvement, either in this or in the League's procedure, which certainly on any showing leaves much to be desired.

### Working Through a Reformed League

HOPEFUL: Quite so. Let's take the last point first. As you know, a very strong man in Europe has expressed the opinion that he has not much hope for the League unless it is reformed, and no one has contradicted his desire for reform, but only asked for a few details, and also pointed out that the League had not been quite useless, constituted as it was. We can't go

now into the details of possible changes, but they would concern the appointment of members of council, the speed of action, the definition of warlike activity, the need of a unanimous vote, etc. They should also cover some extension of the field of the League's activity, at least in giving advice. For increasingly, as the world becomes more reasonable, the advice tendered by the combined wisdom of the nations would carry the greatest weight. Any reform of the League's procedure should not, however, aim at stifling the voice of the smaller nations. They have been its best friends and have often shown the way where the greater Powers have been rather shy to tread. One case in particular meets another point which you have raised—that of international law. Is there any international law worth the name, the cynic asks, because he knows that in time of war, especially the last War, a great many international obligations were transgressed. In fact, however, the great bulk of international law is as regularly and constantly observed as any other law. One has only to think of the multitude of such regulations affecting shipping, tariffs, posts, nationality, extradition, territorial limits, etc., etc. Since the League was set up it was recognised that this mass of laws had become so great and complex that codification was necessary, and the Swedish Government took the lead in moving for a Commission which is now at work. The Permanent Court at the Hague is also a creation of the League and its steady working for fourteen years has had no setback. The Kellogg Pact comes as a welcome addition to all these forces making for an orderly and peaceful world. It implies the willingness of the United States to consult on all cases of breach. In this and in many other ways the United States has ranged herself more and more openly on the side of world peace and the League of Nations. When she ratifies her adhesion to the Permanent Court, which cannot be long delayed, even your mind as well as mine might take a moment's rest.

## *A Day in a District Court in Malaya*

By L. D. GAMMANS

TRY to imagine a clear, sun-drenched tropical morning with a faint breeze rustling the palms around the little court-house, and the heat haze already starting to shimmer on the hot dry road beyond. Our court, which is open on three sides, is already filling up with a silent-footed crowd who are attracted, perhaps because they are interested in the cases which are to be tried, or perhaps merely to fill in an idle morning.

Malaya is perhaps the most cosmopolitan country in Asia, and before us are representatives of many races and many civilisations. The Malay, the real native of the country, does not trouble us very much. He is not a litigant by nature, and is fairly law-abiding in his habits. When he faces us on a serious charge, there is generally a woman at the bottom of it. The Chinese provide us with our saints, and conversely with most of our sinners. When they take to crime, the Chinese make a business of it with that same degree of thoroughness which in more legitimate spheres has turned so many of them from friendless coolies to Singapore millionaires. The Indian coolie from the rubber estates or the Public Works Department road gangs is a frequent visitor. His volatile nature leads him into petty assaults and such-like, a proportion of which find their way into court embellished out of all recognition by his fertile imagination on the way. The Sikh bullock-driver from the Punjab is chiefly a thorn in the flesh on the civil side. He is rather prone to bringing interminable bullock cases, which he fights with that same dogged and dour perseverance which once made him master of the Punjab, and which has brought honour to the Indian Army on every field on which he has fought.

I am sorry to say that they do not all tell the truth. Some lie carelessly and in a bungling manner, which does not survive a little pertinent cross-examination, and others lie with an artistry which excites one's admiration for its skill. You may ask how does one manage to understand so many languages? The answer is: one does not try—it would be impossible. Evidence given in Malay the magistrate must tackle himself. For the others, interpreters are provided.

But it is time we started the day's work. As we step up on to

the bench, the police sergeant-major, a fine bearded old Sikh, in his smart khaki uniform and turban, calls the court to order. The punkah starts its monotonous flip-flap over our heads and we reach for the charge book in front of us.

### Straying Cattle

'I suppose your Worship will take the uncontested cases first?' says the Police Inspector. We nod, and immediately the Inspector shouts out 'Bhagat Singh'. The cry is taken up by the sergeant-major who is standing near the dock, and immediately an extremely dirty-looking Sikh, who has been sitting at the back of the court, gets up and shuffles forward. Like all his compatriots he has a heavy beard and long hair done up in a knob on the top, around which is wound a white turban, the only decent article of apparel he apparently has on. Like many Sikhs he is careful of the 'bawbees', and so the rest of his wardrobe consists of a number of flour sacks sewn together with string. He is charged with 'allowing his bullock to stray on the public highway at 4.26 p.m. on the fourth instant'. The Punjabi interpreter steps forward and translates all this into Punjabi. The accused, who is an old friend of ours, and rather makes a speciality of feeding his cattle on roadside pastures, knows when he is up against it and pleads guilty. We offer him the alternative of \$3.00 fine or two days' imprisonment. After a certain amount of fumbling in his dirty tunic, he disgorges the money.

He is followed by Tong Yik, a Chinese, who pays \$1.00 for hawking fish in the market without a licence, and Ramasamy, a Tamil, who is asked to explain why his goat strayed on the highway. The goat, with great temerity, or perhaps with some sense of humour, was found making a meal off the flower beds outside the police station. Our South Indian interpreter explains the charge to this fellow-countryman, who is standing with his frail body attired in nothing but a loin cloth and supported on a pair of spindly legs. Ramasamy, with much head wagging, launches out in a tremendous diatribe. The Interpreter, after listening to a 'good mouthful', proceeds to translate. 'About two years ago, I bought two goats from one Kupan . . . . We cut this short. The biography of the goat can wait.

Was his goat straying on the road or was it not? Ramasamy re-sents having his carefully-prepared oration so unsympathetically received, but sadly wags his head and admits that it was. We prescribe for this type of crime our customary \$1.00 per head with a certain amount of reduction for large quantities.

### A Domestic Tragedy

Now for a domestic tragedy. Veerasamy, a Tamil rubber estate tapper, charges one Ponampalam with enticing away his wife, one Muniamah. We know from of old that we are in for it. The case is quite capable of going on for days. Veerasamy steps up into the witness-box, and after endeavouring to give his autobiography from early childhood, at last tells the sad story. The wife of his bosom has not only gone off and left him desolate, but has left him poorer to the tune of one English sovereign made up as a brooch, and two goats. We at once see a little light; the case is not so much a question of broken marriage vows, but resolves itself into who is going to get that brooch and the two goats. Here we stop the harangue for a moment to ask the witness if he was ever properly married to the fickle Muniamah by a Brahmin priest, and if so when and where. It sounds rather an unworthy aspersion to cast on the gentleman, but our Tamil male population outnumbered the female by about four to one, and human nature is frail.

After a certain amount of evasion, he admits that they never had been properly married, but . . . We do not want to hear the buts, and so we suggest to the disconsolate husband that since the lady was not his legally married spouse, there can be no crime in enticing her away, at any rate so far as the Penal Code is concerned. What about the brooch and the goats? he asks. We can do nothing about them in this case, we are afraid. He must bring a civil action. So perhaps we shall see him again soon, unless he is wise and offers the lady a gold bangle to come back to the nuptial hearth.

After a short interval for lunch, we settle down again for the afternoon session. The hot, sultry, tropical afternoon combined with the sonorous droning of the witnesses, with the inevitable exasperating delays for interpreting, produces a soporific effect which at times is hard to resist. However, our first case does not promise to be a long one. An old Chinese woman, dressed in the blue coat and trousers of her class, with an enormous straw hat as big as an umbrella on her head, is charged with 'doulang washing' without a licence. Now 'doulang washing' is a means of extracting tin ore from the river bed. It consists of standing, under the heat of the tropical sun, it may be up to one's waist in water, scooping up the sand of the bed of the river into a sort of concave tray and hoping it may contain a little tin. A nominal fee is charged by the Government for this privilege. The poor old woman explains almost tearfully that she did not know a licence was necessary. We let her off with a caution.

### Bootlegging in the Jungle

Our next case is bootlegging, pure and simple. One Lim Chong, a Chinese, pleads 'not guilty' to manufacturing and being in possession of *samsu* without a licence. *Samsu* is a fiery spirit, beloved of Chinese, made by distilling rice. The Superintendent of Customs who brings the case relates how he gave up his night's rest to tramp several miles through the jungle, where at last he found the accused in a hut over a rough still. Several Malay Customs officers who also had a night out corroborate the evidence. It seems a clear case and we wonder what Lim Chong is going to say about it.

His explanation is at least ingenious. The hut does not belong to him; it belongs to one Hin Watt. He was paying Hin Watt a visit and suddenly the Customs officers rushed at him. Needless to say, he knew nothing about the *samsu*. We ask what had happened then to his host, Hin Watt. Unfortunately, at the time he was absent. Can he produce anyone who ever knew Hin Watt? No, he does not think he can. Does he usually pay visits to his friends in the middle of the night? This time he is silent, and we inform him that we find him guilty. The police inspector produces his record, and as we run through it and remind him of several small peccadilloes of the past—fowl stealing, a previous conviction for bootlegging, and the like—we imagine him cursing inwardly the man who invented the fingerprint system.

Our next case is more serious. A rather fine-featured young

Malay with very expressive eyes is put into the dock charged with having murdered a compatriot by stabbing him to death with a kris. The police are not quite ready to go on with the case and ask for a week's postponement. As the accused leaves the dock a group of Malays, who have been sitting patiently at the back of the court all day, get up and file slowly out. They are probably his relatives, and the rather pretty Malay girl, who has been sitting with her face partly hidden by her veil, is more than likely the cause of all the trouble.

That ends the police cases, but there is one private summons on the list. Mr. Sabapathy Pillay, a conductor on a rubber estate, charges Mr. Ponampalam, hospital dresser on the estate, with assault. Ponampalam has in turn entered a counter summons, also for assault. This sort of case illustrates that vexed question of 'face' which is so incomprehensible to most people in the West. There is really nothing in the case at all but a petty quarrel which finished up perhaps by one of them knocking the other's hat off, if that. But there is their dignity and standing in the community to be considered. It would never occur to them to go and fight it out and shake hands, or simply ignore each other and each mind his own business. No, this must be dealt with in a manner suitable to their dignity. They will engage counsel, European counsel at that, although it may entail spending every cent they possess and borrowing money at exorbitant interest as well. One knows perfectly well before one starts that, whatever judgment is given, the losing party will almost certainly appeal, if he has any money left to do so. As we suspected, both gentlemen ask for a week's postponement to engage counsel. We know that we are in for at least a whole day's listening to this ridiculous case unless one party drops dead in the meanwhile.

### Two Inquests

This appears to be the end of all the cases on the list, and as we have finished rather early, the Inspector asks if we will hear a couple of inquests which he has on hand. Both are, apparently, without any suspicion of foul play, but it is not well to give the impression that anyone can die under unusual circumstances and nothing be heard about it. So we turn the court into a coroner's court.

The first enquiry deals with an old Chinese woman who went bathing at the edge of a disused mining hole which had been filled by the rain. It was a most unwise thing to do, as it turned out, because a crocodile had appeared from nowhere and, knocking her off her feet with its tail, had dragged her under. There were only two witnesses, a friend who had seen it happen and a Sikh policeman who had tried to recover the body.

The next case concerns a Tamil Coolie from a rubber estate who had come to town and rather unwisely had spent some of his pay on an orgy of toddy drinking. He had apparently very foolishly decided to walk home along the railway line, and had forgotten that occasionally trains run on it. There is not much to be told. The Indian engine-driver, who has put on a smart white suit for the occasion, relates with a wealth of irrelevant detail that as he came round the corner, the deceased had walked straight into his engine. A friend of the unfortunate man from the same rubber estate who had also been imbibing at the same time, but more moderately, had seen him setting off home along the railway line. The Indian doctor from the local Government hospital details a list of bruises and contusions which he had discovered on the body. He adds as a sort of an after-thought that the man's head had been completely cut off. We cannot do much except deliver a little homily on the unpardonable sin of deserting a drunken friend.

Such is a typical day's court in an out-station district in Malaya. Tomorrow we shall turn ourselves into a civil court and listen to the woes of the people who have borrowed money at about 50 per cent. interest and find a certain amount of difficulty in paying it back.

Court work can no doubt be trying at times, but it is more than compensated for by the fact that all these people, drawn from all corners of Asia, have a complete trust in one's fairness. It is a compliment which the wise man will not take to himself. He will put it to the credit of those generations of his predecessors who have managed to breed the conviction that British Rule, whatever may be its alleged failings in other directions, can be guaranteed to give justice, without fear or favour.

*The Listener's Music*

# Music Under Laboratory Conditions

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

IF I were asked which recent event in the musical world is likely to be of greatest interest to future historians and critics, I should unhesitatingly say: The decision taken by the leaders of Nazi Germany to ban all music of alleged 'anarchical, anti-cultural, and non-Aryan' tendencies—that of Schönberg and his school, of Krenék, Kurt Weill and countless others—forbidding not only performance, but critical study of it. This constitutes an example unique in history of musical art deflected by coercion instead of being allowed to follow its normal course without interference from outside; and is likely to have very important (although not very widespread) consequences.

I am, of course, considering the matter from the musical point of view, not from the human or even the political. Therefore, the situation may be summed up in a very few words.

Every artistic trend or style, whether it stands for obedience to tradition or for reaction against tradition, is in most respects a product of evolution; and, up to now, has been allowed to establish itself or die a natural death, influencing or not the ulterior course of the art, according to its vitality and power to appeal. The task of judging its value, of accepting or rejecting it, was left to musicians, critics, and public. Germany, now, is denying certain types of music their normal chance and cutting the whole nation off from them. And so, in one of the biggest music-producing and music-consuming countries of the world, the progress of musical art and culture will continue, for a time, under wholly artificial conditions, while everywhere else it will follow the same course as before. Schönberg is continuing his career in America, other 'radical' composers and theorists banned from Germany are at work elsewhere, and the world at large is free to perform, study and discuss their contributions. In other words, conditions might almost be compared to those created, in other provinces, by a very useful order of laboratory experiments. We may picture musical Germany as a living organism deprived of certain categories of stimuli or nourishment to which the rest of the world still has access. Without pushing the comparison too far, or taking it too literally, we may expect that in the natural course of things we shall be able to see how musical Germany will fare in comparison with the countries left free to undergo the action of these stimuli or aliments.

Whether she will be found to have fared better or worse cannot be foretold, even though it seems most unlikely that coercion in matters of art and culture can ever serve a good purpose. And, on the other hand, the one all-important factor remains outside what I have described as 'laboratory conditions'. Many years ago the French composer, Vincent d'Indy, asked what the next stage in the evolution of music was likely to be, replied: 'It will depend entirely upon the next composer of genius'. Nothing could be truer. However strongly we feel, looking backwards, that at a given moment new developments in music were inevitable, it does not take long to see that what actually brought them to pass was the coming of composers capable of taking the initiative, and not simply the fact that the time was ripe for them. And men of genius, when they appear, have a knack of upsetting calculations.

This much acknowledged, it is obvious that Schönberg—apart from any question of our liking or disliking his music—has already exercised an influence definite, strong, and general enough to render certain orders of calculations futile. While in Germany he is being denounced as 'having done more harm to modern music than all its bitterest foes put together', many writers, in various countries, are calling attention, in terms so clear and forcible that it would be folly to brush their arguments aside, to the paramount importance of the part played by him.

But it has been decreed that Germany has no use for this order of influence. 'German art', Dr. Goebbels declared, 'shall conform to the conditions of the new cultural policy, or shall not be'. Every effort is being made to ensure that no undesirable

germ shall find its way into the spick and span laboratory. Only the other day, a concert performance of excerpts from Alban Berg's new opera 'Lulu' (probably the same excerpts as are to be given at the B.B.C. Symphony Concert on March 20) in Berlin gave rise to a storm of protests in the Nazi Press. The wonder is that Erich Kleiber, the conductor, should not have been dissuaded from producing them. Another characteristic fact is the attitude of the *N.S. Kultur Gemeinde* (Nazi Culture Community) to Hindemith—who was not included by name in the proscription lists, although most of the music he composed during the 'lawless' period is no longer in favour. His latest work, a 'symphony' consisting of three excerpts from his opera 'Mathis the Painter' (it will be given on Friday at the B.B.C. Contemporary Concert) was performed at Berlin at the beginning of this year, and not unfavourably received. 'This performance', it was said in the Press, 'is an event of importance from both the political and the musical points of view. There can no longer be any opposition, on grounds of policy, to Hindemith's music, no describing it as destructive of culture. The power and purity of feeling manifest in many of his earlier works are greater than ever in 'Mathis the Painter'. Not so, however, in the opinion of the 'Culture Community', which has just issued a declaration saying, among other things: We shall neither have works by Hindemith performed under our auspices nor have anything to do with institutions that have them performed. Hindemith is unendurable from the cultural and political point of view. Even if in his 'Mathis' symphony he seems to strike a more positive note, this does not mean that he has undergone a genuine change. He is clever enough an artist to adjust himself to the requirements of the new situation, but his whole career shows that he is not to be trusted. His materialistic and nihilistic works are no longer performed, it is true: but they are still available in printed form, they can be bought and studied. This is sufficient proof that he has not abjured the error of his ways.

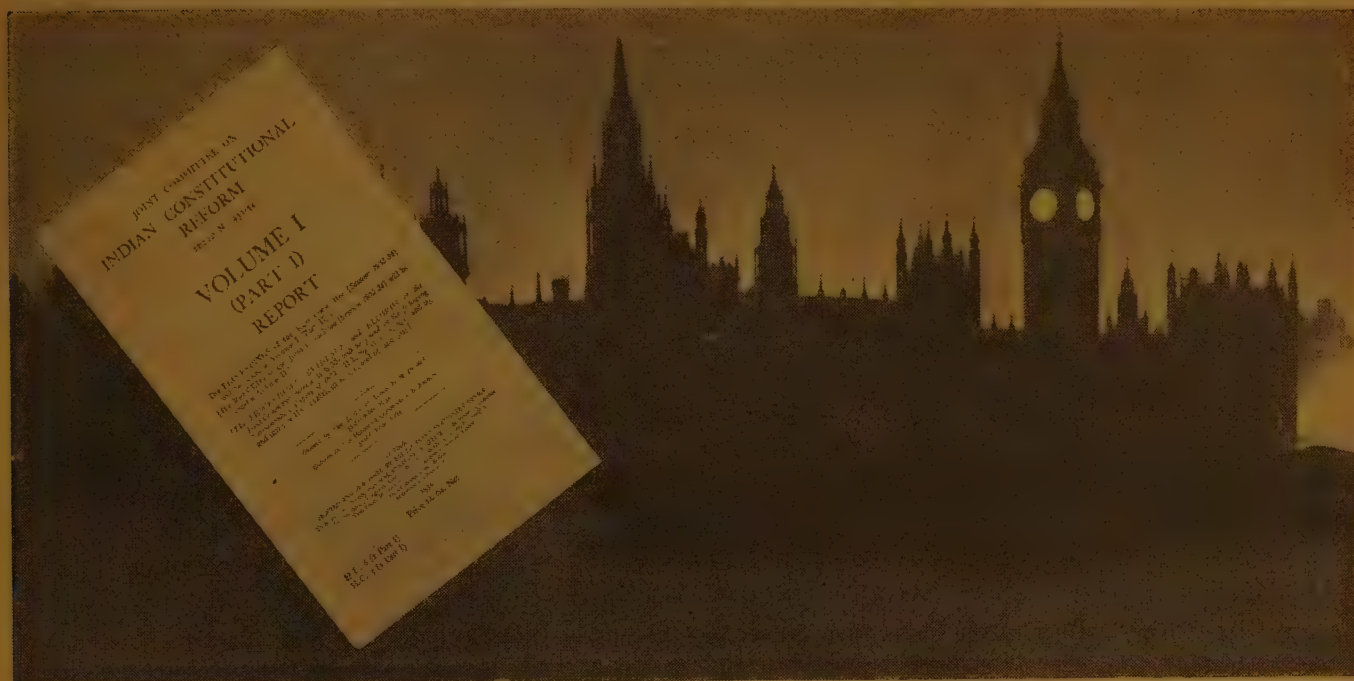
Thus, according to the most radical fraction, so to speak, of the new Germany, the works included in the music section of the Nazi *Index librorum prohibitorum*, are to be withheld not only from the listening public, but also from musicians who might wish to study them in private for fear that the works in question might, even so, insidiously exercise a dissolving influence.

At all times there have been people—chiefly theorists and teachers—who went alleging that the influence of certain composers might be pernicious even to professional students and to experienced musicians. It was, I think, Fétis (a very influential writer in his time) who blamed Schumann for 'drinking at the turbid spring of Beethoven's last quartets'. And the story that when Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande' appeared, certain professors at the Paris Conservatoire threatened with expulsion any student who would dare bring the score of that seditious work into the class is a perfectly true one. Of course, there is no denying that influences—and influences of all kinds—are dangerous to weaklings; but this means, dangerous to those composers who can achieve nothing except by treading in somebody's wake, and who, therefore, have no business to compose at all. The others need no protecting. Among British composers of note, for instance, one or two may have benefited (more or less unconsciously, and in a very general way) by the Schönbergian 'liberation'; but not one of them shows a sign of the direct influence of Schönberg. On other composers endowed with genuine individuality, such as Berg and Webern, Schönberg's action has been direct and strong, but also wholly beneficial.

Such, then, is the state of things at the beginning of the new 'culture' experiment: the conditions created are entirely artificial, and in absolute contrast with those obtaining everywhere else. Considering things from the cold-blooded scientific point of view, one may, while regretting that such an unparalleled condition should have arisen, foretell that the consequences will prove most instructive.

# RADIO NEWS-REEL DEC. 10-16

*A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins*



**INDIAN CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM**  
Resolutions approving proposals contained in the report of the Joint Select Committee for Indian Constitutional Reform were passed by both Houses of Parliament after debates lasting throughout the week



Major-General J. E. S. Brind, the Commander of the British force, who is also Commander-in-Chief of the International force in the Saar



## BRITISH TROOPS FOR THE SAAR

The League of Nations Council has decided that the Saar Police shall be reinforced by an international body of troops—British, Italian, Dutch and Swedish—numbering 3,300. The British contingent will consist of 1,500 officers and men. The pictures show (right) the advance guard of the British force leaving Victoria and (left) Dutch marines preparing for departure from Rotterdam and (below) part of the barracks at Saarbrücken where both will be housed





#### LANDED ON THE THAMES

The pilot of this aeroplane, finding in the fog last week that his fuel was giving out, was obliged to make a false landing on the Thames between Lambeth Bridge and Vauxhall Bridge. He was able to jump on to a passing tug just before his machine sank, and his adventure did not even cause him wet feet. The illustration shows the salvage of the machine



For the first time in eighteen months, the flow of the Thames at Teddington Weir last week was over the standard daily average. Our illustrations show: (above) Teddington Weir during normal conditions; (right) during the drought this summer



#### THE HOME PETS SHOW

A three-day show of domestic animals, birds and fish was opened last week at Olympia by Lord Lonsdale. Here are some of the champion White Pekinese that were exhibited



Sir James O'Grady, whose death was announced last week, was Labour M.P. for East Leeds in 1906 and for South-east Leeds from 1918 to 1924. In that year he was appointed Governor of the State of Tasmania. He was one of the first Labour politicians to be considered for Colonial governorship



#### RUGBY FOOTBALL, OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge were leading by 6-4 at half-time, though perhaps that score was rather against the run of play. In the second half it was practically a walk-away for Cambridge from the very start. The final score was 29 points to 4. The photograph shows K. C. Fyfe scoring for Cambridge



## NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

Mr. Arthur Henderson (above) addressing the meeting on December 10 at Oslo after receiving this year's prize. 'There is no greater human issue', he said, 'upon which hope concentrates than the cause of disarmament; there is no greater action in the world than that which leads the community to peace, freedom and security'



A large number of children and their parents were injured when the floor of St. Clement's School, Liverpool, collapsed on December 12 during a school concert



## ITALY AND ABYSSINIA

Types of soldiers who have been engaged in the recent fighting on the frontier of Italian Somaliland (and inset, an Abyssinian warrior). The Italian and Abyssinian Governments have exchanged notes of protest. Italy rejects the claim by Abyssinia that the matter should be submitted to the League of Nations, stating that the details of what happened are so precise that there is nothing to arbitrate about. Italy must insist on an indemnity, on an apology, and on the ceremonial saluting of the Italian flag

## STORMS IN THE ATLANTIC

Several big transatlantic liners reported last week that they would be about a day late in docking owing to exceptionally heavy weather. The Japanese steamer, *Victoria Maru*, stated that her captain and chief officer were dead, her third officer lost overboard and seven others injured. Later she was reported out of danger



Mr. Anthony Eden, who played an important part at Geneva in settling the Yugoslav-Hungarian dispute, arriving at Croydon last week



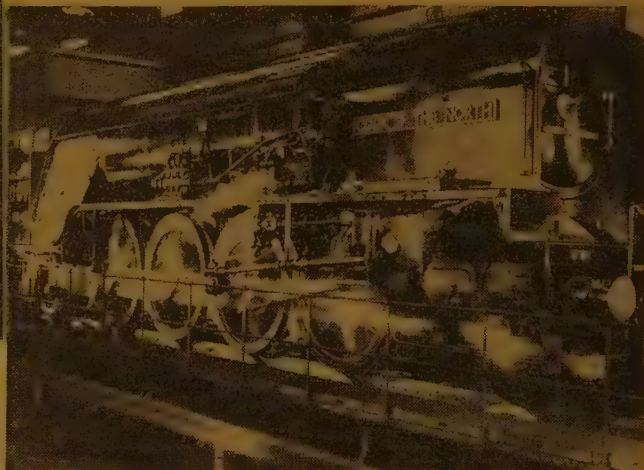


SCOTT AND BLACK RETURN

Charles Scott and Campbell Black, the winners of the Melbourne Air Race, arriving at Victoria on December 14: they were greeted by immense crowds and were interviewed at the microphone later

ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE IN FRANCE

Below is the *Cock o' the North*, England's most powerful locomotive, being tested at Vitry, near Paris, last week. An eye-witness account stated: 'there is something uncanny in seeing this great locomotive standing perfectly still, while its wheels are going round at an amazing speed. . . . The noise sometimes is deafening. The wheels of the engine run on other wheels under ground, and complicated machinery traces the results of the tests on a series of barographs'



THE NEW STAR

At 5 a.m. on December 13, a Suffolk astronomer, Mr. J. P. M. Prentice, discovered a bright new star, to be called *Nova Herculis* 1934. He telephoned the news at once to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The illustration shows where to find the new star  
*Diagram 'Sunday Express'*



William Poel, pioneer of modern Shakespearian production, died on December 13, aged 82. Many of his productions were presented on the Elizabethan platform stage: he believed in getting as near as possible to those conditions for which Shakespeare and Marlowe wrote. The above portrait, painted by Professor Henry Tonks, represents Mr. Poel in the part of Keegan in Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*

AMERICAN FIRE TRAGEDY

A picture by wire of the Kern Hotel at Lansing, Michigan, which was destroyed by fire on December 11. The horrors of the catastrophe were intensified by the great cold. The streets were covered with snow and the temperature was only a few degrees above zero. Many of the guests threw themselves into the frozen river behind the hotel: a number of lives were lost



Turkeys, which are much in evidence at the moment, are birds with an 'ancient' history: they were imported into Europe from America by the Jesuits. This year is a landmark in their history: for the first time they have been accorded a national mark

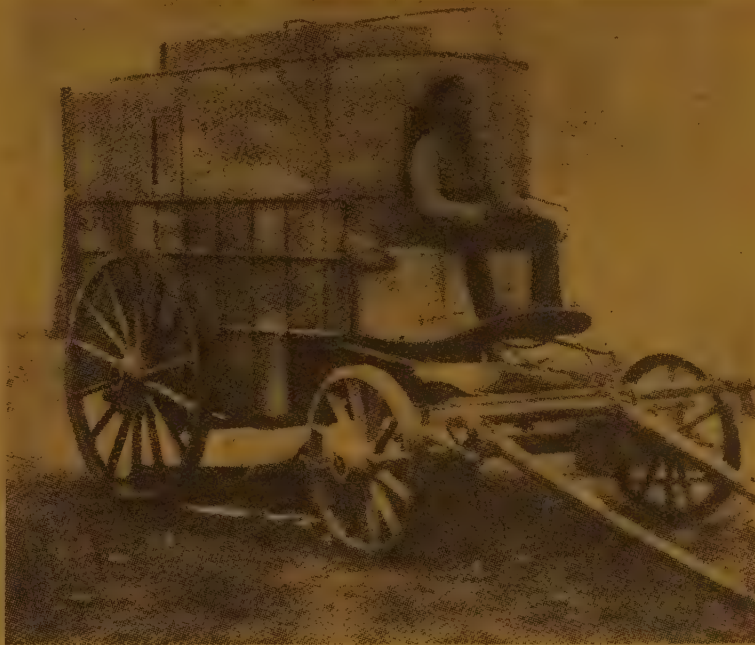
# The First Hundred Years of Photography

By P. MORTON SHAND

THE oldest photograph extant that fully satisfies the definition implied—an interior view of an oriel window at Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, hardly larger than a postage stamp—was taken by Fox Talbot in 1835. But Fox Talbot's initial success in capturing a latent image with what his wife teasingly called his 'mouse traps' would have been impossible without the pioneering experiments of Nicéphore Niepce, the inventor of heliogravure, who some eight years earlier had produced copies of engravings on etched intaglio pewter plates coated with a bituminous emulsion. Niepce's 'sun-pictures', which led directly to the daguerreotype, were a development of the discovery made by Thomas Wedgwood in 1802 that a sheet of paper impregnated with certain salts of silver could reproduce line drawings (a primitive form of negatives) held close to it. And this discovery in turn was based on the blackening effect the German chemist Johann Heinrich Schulze had noted that sunlight produced on the bottles in which he kept these salts, as far back as 1727. But Wedgwood's discovery, limited as it was by his inability to find means of 'fixing' the impression, remained practically useless until it was combined with the camera obscura; the principle of which had been realised by the Neapolitan savant Giovanni Porta (1538-1615), if not by Leonardo da Vinci and Paracelsus before him. The most significant thing about the invention of photography is that it was the accidental by-product of persistent attempts to find a cheap chemical means for the mass-production of pictures. As an embryonic desideratum the half-tone illustration was a much earlier idea than that utterly unexpected confirmation of the infallibility of the human retina, the photograph itself.

Technical progress need concern us here only in so far as certain improvements have influenced æsthetic evolution. 'The immediate effect of photography', wrote Gustave le Gray, an early practitioner, 'will be the destruction of mediocrities, and the coming to the fore of artists of ability'. This prophecy that the power to make mechanically accurate copies of the appearance of anything and everything would, as the Impressionist painters were quick to realise, inevitably spell the doom of purely representational art, is only now nearing fulfilment. It has been said that photography is not an 'art', but that there is certainly an Art of Photography. That art has

tion, very much an affair of 'as you like it', which reflects *Zeitgeist* and nationality as faithfully as morality. There is a study of patches of oil floating on the dirty water of a big port by the Japanese photographer, S. Uyeda, which instantly convinces one that only the delicately slanting eyes of a Japanese, and a Japanese, moreover, of the present decade of oil-fired ships, could possibly have 'seen' those particular blobs in such



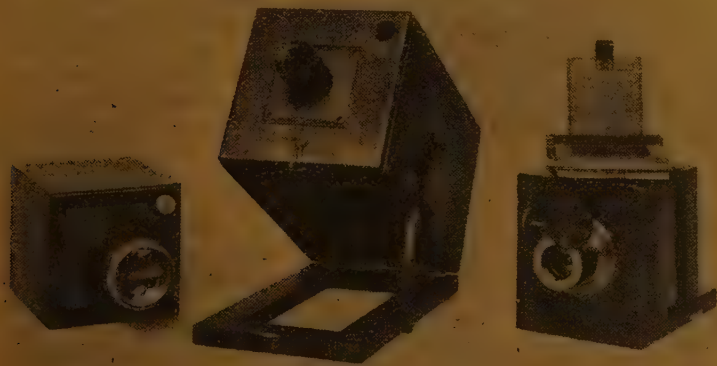
The first war photographer, Roger Fenton, and his travelling photographic van. Fenton (who was also the founder of the Royal Photographic Society) spent five months at the front in the Crimean War, where he was wounded by a shell.

By courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society

a photogenic light and at such a photogenic angle. Exact analysis may be impossible, but every photograph is to some extent an expression of the taker's personality, which, like handwriting, discloses his nationality, generation and education. Compare good snapshots of some famous beauty spot casually clicked off by tourists almost as soon as they first set eyes on it with views by people who have lived in or known it for years, and you will find all the difference between a shadow and its substance.

Photography should not be regarded either as an end in itself or a world apart. It is the great merit of the cameraless photogramme that it links photography on the one hand to a new art, as yet only dawning, prognosticated by recent technical developments like flood-lighting and theatrical horizon-lighting, in which light alone will be the medium, and on the other to certain forms of abstract painting and sculpture. In spite of the fact that it is the only art in which everything offered to the senses can be taken in at the first glance, there is, paradoxically enough, no verbally definable photogenic æsthetic. Yet that æsthetic has a very definite existence. There is far greater unanimity as to what constitutes a good or bad photograph than as to what is a good or bad painting.

Only by realising what has already been achieved in it can we hope to have an inkling of what photography can become in terms either of utility or beauty. Thanks to it there is nothing today we cannot see, wherever and whoever we are. It enables illiterates to form visual conceptions of any land, climate, race, fauna and flora; and even of the structure of planets and the cellular formation of organisms invisible to the naked eye. From the cradle to the grave we can record every phase of human existence, both in its stark reality and its dramatic inter-



Fox Talbot's cameras

By courtesy of the South Kensington Science Museum

been defined as the visualisation of what is unsuspected in the familiar and the selection of what is significant in its antithesis. Bearing in mind that the emergence of photomontage has been clearly conditioned by the cult of surrealism, we may perhaps go further and call photography the art of surrealism, at once essentially mechanical and essentially human, though the converse of humanistic. But realism is a mutable concep-



## Aerial Photography—Then and Now

Daumier's cartoon (1862), 'Nadar raising Photography to the height of Art'

From 'Aus der Frühzeit der Photographie, 1840-70', by Bossert and Guttman (Frankfurter Societäts-Druckerei)

Aerofilms (1934) raising Photography to the height of Science—Williamson 'Eagle IV' aerial camera fitted in the cockpit for taking vertical photographs

Aerofilms

pretation. Fleeting moments of happiness are embodied, and glimpses of the most transient day and night beauties in land-sea- and sky-scapes triumphantly arrested. Distance as a mental measure has been destroyed, and with it (for those with eyes to perceive) the last vestiges of the old sentimental quality in romance. But the camera's truth to nature as an instrument of precision is only its point of departure; and it is the photographer, not his apparatus, which must always bear the responsibility for that veracity. That the lens cannot lie is only true when it is mechanically controlled. Human agency can make it prevaricate by distortion or false emphasis. So photography serves every sort of press and purpose, the best as the worst. A cynic might say that as an art of heightening illusion its efficacy was all the more potent for being based on a process that is scientifically true to nature.

The history of photography falls roughly into three phases: from the early 'forties to the middle 'sixties of the last century, a period of great achievement; from the 'seventies up to the War, a self-consciously 'artistic' period which de-

liberately demechanised its nature; and the post-War period, characterised by the unfettered exploitation of all the resources of technique.

At the outset two radically different processes held the field: the daguerreotype and the calotype, introduced respectively by

Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre (1787-1851), and William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-1877). In the former a single unreproducible positive image of metallic sharpness was developed and fixed on a silvered copper plate; while in the latter a sensitised paper negative was used, rendered transparent with wax, from which positive prints could be obtained. What was subsequently rather uncritically prized as the calotype's softness of tone was purely the result of the grain of the paper in the negative being transferred to the positive. This is the genesis of the sharp v. shaded controversy and the rivalry of egg-shell-gloss and matt printing-papers. At first the daguerreotype prevailed, but its practical drawbacks were so obvious that it was generally abandoned even before the introduction of glass plates. By the 'sixties it was as good as dead.



Mapping the country by 'plane and camera. Diagram showing how an area on the ground is covered by an aeroplane taking vertical photographs. Each photograph overlaps its successor by 60 per cent, and each complete strip is overlapped 30 per cent, by the adjacent strip

Aerofilms

Daguerre, a scenic painter and the creator of the famous Diorama (1822), heard of Niepce's experiments, and hit on the idea of using his method to seize the natural images he employed as an auxiliary resource of illusion in his camera lucida. But though he entered into negotiations with Niepce, it was only after the latter's death that he was free to develop Niepce's process. It is a moot point whether he or Fox Talbot first discovered what is generally understood by the latent image, since both announced their discoveries in the same year. With great wisdom the French Government voted Daguerre the Legion of Honour and a handsome pension for life, in lieu of the exclusive patents he had applied for.

When 'a wanderer in classic Italy' in 1833, it had struck Fox Talbot, as he notes in *The Pencil and Nature* (1844), the first photographically illustrated book, that 'a picture divested of the ideas which accompany it, and considered in its ultimate nature, is but a succession of stronger lights thrown upon one part, and of deeper shadows on another'. One of the most remarkable Englishmen of his age, he was active as a mathematician, Egyptologist and botanist; besides finding time to sit in Parliament. At the age of four he complained of his nurse's refusal to 'revolve on her axis'; and when only fifteen he had to be taken away from Harrow to prevent his becoming head of the school at that inconveniently precocious age. Fox Talbot's 'solar microscope' prints anticipate modern micro-photography, and the process of photoglyphic engraving he perfected in 1852 was a stepping-stone both to photogravure and the half-tone block. Sir William Herschel, with whom he corresponded—and to whom we owe the terms negative and positive—suggested the substitution of the word photography for 'photogenic drawings' in a letter dated 1839, but it was long before Fox Talbot would agree to the change.

On January 25, 1839, Fox Talbot's invention was explained at a meeting of the Royal Institution, and later in the same year Arago lectured on Daguerre's at the Académie des Sciences. Within a few weeks cameras were on sale in France; and men standing behind tripods, focussing on churches and old buildings with their heads shrouded in black cloths, appeared in the streets of Paris as if by magic. When Daguerre took his first portrait, his sitter, the English engineer Andrew Shanks, had to sit for a full hour in sunlight facing the camera; but when Louis-Philippe posed for him on a balcony of the Tuileries in 1841 he was already able to reduce the exposure to 3½ minutes.

Fox Talbot took many photographs that have a fine straightforward quality of their own, but the first 'old master' of photography was David Octavius Hill (1802-1870), whom Heinrich Schwarz, the curator of the Vienna Art Gallery, 'discovered' in 1900. Hill, the son of a Scottish printer, was a very mediocre landscape painter of the school of David Wilkie and Alexander Nasmyth. In 1843 the Free Church seceded from the Kirk of Scotland. To Hill, as to most of his fellow-countrymen, this seemed an event of epoch-making importance; and he felt it

to be at once his duty and privilege as an artist to depict the solemn scene of Dr. Chalmers reading the Deed of Separation and Act of Demission at the Canonmills—a duty running to 57 square feet of canvas, and the added privilege of crowding 500 individual physiognomies into them. Being familiar with lithography, it occurred to him that calotype photography might save him much of the time spent in making hundreds of separate sketches. To that happy thought we owe the wonderful gallery of photographic prints of the leading Scotsmen of his day, which he used in the same way as Herkomer and many fashionable labour-saving portrait-painters after him. One vulgar phrase will describe his work, all of which was done in Edinburgh between 1843 and 1848. He wiped the floor with Raeburn in Raeburn's own studio. There is a compelling dignity and a total absence of self-consciousness in his sitters: the

reason being that as yet photography knew no tricks. Posed before an artist's easel, those same typical Scottish countenances would probably have betrayed every variety of 'composure'.

In the two decades after Hill, many names must be mentioned: Hippolyte Bayard, a French Civil Servant memorable for perhaps the best early self-portrait; Roger Fenton, who went to the Crimea as the first photographic war correspondent; Matthew Brady, the great American photographer of the Civil War period; Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, famous for her decapitated heads of Carlyle and Herschel; the German portraitists, Hermann Biow, G. F. Lincke and C. F. Stelzner; Salzmann, whose *Travels in Palestine, circa 1850*, was an outstanding photographic album; and Adolf Braun, an admirable pioneer of flower studies. Portraiture, at first considered hopelessly *petit-bourgeois*, was made *snob* at the French Court by Louis Pierson, Disdéri and the brothers Aguado. But Félix Tournachon (1820-1910), a jack-of-all-trades, who called him-



Atalanta, by W. and D. Downey (1896)

By courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society

self 'Nadar', was head and shoulders above any of them—even Pierson. It is significant that a man to whom we owe such essentially 'modern' studies of the Paris sewers and catacombs should have refused to take women on the score that they were 'too beautiful for photography'. But this may have been in deference to the bitter scorn and hostility with which true-blue *Salon* artists met the inæsthetic enthusiasm of philistine scientists. Even such a revolutionary as Daumier ridiculed Nadar in a famous cartoon which shows him hanging out of his balloon taking a bird's-eye view of the house-tops of Paris below. Its ironical title 'Nadar raising Photography to the height of Art', reads today as a plain statement of fact. At least one great contemporary man of letters saw far more in photography than a mere means of mechanical reproduction. When Victor Hugo was exiled from France in 1852, he took several cameras with him to Jersey. The unique work which he did there includes a texture study of a timber breakwater fantastically split and corroded by the waves which might well be a Moholy-Nagy. The author of *Les Misérables* anticipated Hollywood by confining himself to 'the artistic direction', leaving the developing (which took two days and entailed 19 operations) to his son Charles.

Though its domination by the professional photographer was at hand, photography as yet was neither an art nor a career. The difficulties of technique absorbed the energies of those who practised it, leaving them indifferent to disputes as to whether the lens would supplant the brush.

But already the servile emulation of painting had begun. O. G. Rejlander, a Swede domiciled in Wolverhampton, and Henry Peach Robinson were the pioneers of the photographic counterparts of academy problem and subject pictures. The former's 'The Two Paths of Life' (1857), pieced together from thirty different negatives, interprets an unexceptional allegory. It is, however, a little surprising to learn that Queen Victoria bought a copy of a composition in which—though in the best of causes—so many females allowed themselves to appear in 'the altogether'. Robinson's Tennysonian 'Fading Away' (1858) respectfully echoes Luke Fildes' 'The Doctor'; and most of his other *genres* are the peachiest-to-sickliest kind of chocolate-boxes. 'Rembrandt chiaroscuro' (still going strong) was introduced about this time. Key plans of compositions were made in advance, and skies and human figures were taken separately and superimposed on suitable landscapes. An arsenal of 'prepared' backgrounds and convertible photographic furniture came into being. Robinson, rather surprisingly, protested against pedestals, and demanded the sort of chairs and tables found in ordinary people's houses; though he recommended cork cliffs and a foreground strewn with hay as the most appropriate *mise-en-scène* for infants.

The glass plate made it possible to touch up negatives. 'La retouche', wrote Nadar in his memoirs, '*tout ensemble excellente et détestable, mais assurément indispensable en cas nombreux, ouvrirait une ère nouvelle à la photographie*'.

Its immediate effect was a reaction from truth to nature in favour of stilted pose and æsthetic manipulation. Photography was degraded to being the lowborn step-child of painting. From 1870 onwards a hollow pretension to 'art', in which the lens was made to mime every school of painting, swept all before it; and the camera portrait became the lineal successor of the idealised ivory miniature and the ennobling silhouette. The first caricature of a young lady rejecting her 'likeness' (a term that aptly describes what a photograph was originally expected to be) as unflattering dates from 1842; but it was another twenty years before the mania to be photographically embellished eclipsed the simple pleasure of men and women in the novelty of their 'faithful images'.

The conversation of photographers became as psychologically inspiring as that of dentists, and like dentists they supplied their victims with head-rests 'to promote mental relaxation and give the sitter a sense of confidence'. Professional garb began to ape the Bohemian artist's flowing hair, velvet jacket, and La Vallière tie, still occasionally encountered on less fashionable seaside beaches and at remote village fairs. In Ibsen's 'Wild Duck' the photographer Ekdal, though as an idealist he leaves most of the work to his wife, is careful to explain that he had not devoted himself to such a career to take humdrum everyday people, but with the proud ambition of raising his profession to a level with the arts.

The leading exponent of 'higher taste in photography', for which the Germans invented the word *Bildmässigkeit*, was Alfred Lichtwark, who organised the first International Amateur Exhibition in the Hamburg Kunsthalle in 1893. As a result of this exhibition and contemporary technical advances

photography soon became a hobby for all classes. Lichtwark's own highly decorative and impressionistic work bears a close relationship to *art nouveau*. He attached great importance to tonal values and also to mounts and frames. Following in his footsteps, the Vienna Camera Club announced its intention of concentrating on 'moods instead of meaningless views', which its members realised by sophisticated refinements like taking into the sun, softer developers, oil and gum prints, and the substitution of spectacle glasses for ordinary lenses. About the beginning of the present century Robert Demache published a volume of 'photographic sketches' in which he freely employed the charcoal pencil and brushwork to obtain pastel effects. His filmy dancers are palpable emulations of Degas' ballerinas. Kuhn's studies of Dutch dunes about 1904 were in the directest sense 'after Israels', or the brothers Mauve; and in his well-known 'Paris' (1911) Stieglitz, the founder of the modern American school, was so true to Impressionist mannerisms that one has to look twice to convince oneself it is not a photograph of a minor Impressionist painting. In 1896 a rather

naïve picture of an overgrown schoolgirl in a gym-dress, called 'Atalanta', which in its way was an important milestone, was shown at the International Exhibition of Photography in London. It foreshadowed the end of studio artificiality, the exaggerated cult of individualism, and the blind acceptance of the limitations of pictorial perspective; and so paved the way for the return to the freedom and naturalness of outdoor themes. As far back as the early 'nineties, Atget, the one great photographer of this middle period, was exploring the field of abstract and elliptical effects exploited by our most modern photographers. The importance of scientific photography at that time can hardly be exaggerated, because it alone was divorced from artistic ambition. Even police photography played its part in the gradual revolution to straightforwardness. In this connection it is interesting to note that a remarkable strategic military survey was undertaken by the Austrian

General Staff at an early date, which was the forerunner of the aerial mapping that proved of such importance during the War. The registration of rapid movement which the continuous improvement in optical glass, plates and shutters made possible, and the invention of the half-tone block, gave rise to the anonymous reporter photography in which the Americans were for so long supreme. Ausschütz was feeling his way towards cinematography in Germany about 1880, with successive snapshots of galloping horses taken by dozens of cameras placed in a row.

The cheapness and handiness of the mass-produced camera made the lens a roving eye instead of a stationary mouth that had to be fed with a predigested diet. Matt printing-papers lost their vogue, and framed photos were no longer subjected to the tyranny of margins (curiously enough, their total suppression, which has recently become so popular in half-tone reproduction, was an Impressionist theory). Selection succeeded 'arrangement', and a new consciousness began to dawn that the beauty and variety of the world was sufficient inspiration in itself. The picture postcard played an important part in the reaction to photographic rationalism.

The rediscovery of the old masters of photography stimulated a revival of that forthright functionalism which had been its earliest impulse and its surest guide. This new functionalism ran parallel in its development to that of the same renunciatory quality in architecture. In fact, the triumph of the

### Progress of Photography

- 1826 Niepce obtains direct-image positives of engravings using some sort of camera obscura.
- 1834 Fox Talbot's 'photogenic drawings' (paper negatives).
- 1838 The Daguerreotype (metal positive) invented.
- 1841 Joseph Petzval of Vienna produces the first specifically photographic (doublet) lens with the aid of Friedrich Voigtländer. Exposures reduced to a minute.
- Dr. John Draper of New York opens the first photographic portrait studio.
- 1848 Wet glass plates coated with albumen substituted for paper negatives by Niepce de Saint-Victor.
- 1857 Photogravure process invented in Vienna.
- 1858 Poitevin introduces carbon prints.
- 1873 Vogel anticipates panchromatism by his experiments with aniline dyes into the colour-sensitive-ness of plates.
- 1878 Introduction of dry plates (gelatine-coated).
- 1880 Rapid-action shutters and bromide printing-papers.
- 1881 Stephen Horgan 'brought photography to the printing press' by inventing the half-tone block.
- 1884 Introduction of roll films (first made by Melhuish at Blackheath in 1854).
- 1885 Cinematography realised (Le Prince).
- 1895 Röntgen invented X-ray (radioscopic) photography.
- 1909 Infra-red photography.

new architecture would have been impossible without the technical aid of modern photography. The converse is perhaps almost equally true, for the modern architect taught the modern photographer an appreciation of hitherto unprecedented spatial values. All the same the essential photogenic quality—the æsthetic of the *moment* in all three senses of the word—is in no sense an architectonic one. At the present time that quality is most frequently manifested as the direct expression of our modern cult of light, air and openness. Pioneers of

this 'New Vision' like Moholy-Nagy and Man Ray have been mainly influenced by ordinary reporter photography, and by accidental superimpositions and other characteristic effects of spoilt amateur snapshots. Perhaps the most enduring title to fame of the former will prove to be the exciting new field he has opened up with reversed negative prints.

The history of what I suppose must be called artistic photography still remains to be written. Nor can it be as yet, for we are too close both in time and feeling to the age of its inception.

## Science

# Books on Science for the Lay Reader

By GERALD HEARD

IT is very hard for lay folk to keep in touch with the general movement of science, for that movement is made up of so many small advances that we can't see the tide for the waves. What we want are books not only written in lay language, but dealing with the broad questions, the life-size scale of things which concern us. I am therefore going to mention a few which I have found useful. They won't all of them be volumes fresh from the press, but they will be books which give a new outlook in science, without which our view of what science is may be badly out of date.

We must start with physics, for it is not only the basic science, it is also the one in which the greatest revolutions are going on. A very valuable book on this subject is Dr. Dingle's *Science and Human Experience*. Dr. Dingle is not only an astrophysicist of note, he is also a thinker and writer. He knows what he is talking about, when he deals with modern physics, but he also knows about philosophy. Dr. Dingle states the case somewhat differently from Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington, whose books on the same subject have had such remarkable success. But I think he writes as charmingly as they do and I think you will find his view as constructive and sometimes more defensible against criticism. I don't think anyone who wishes to be taken round the physics front today by an expert who can talk clearly should neglect this book. This front is so full of confused excitement owing to the astounding discoveries going on that naturally some people say the front has gone to pieces; it has been blown, not to atoms, but into waves of rather improbable thought. Other people, horrified at this collapse, go on saying nothing has really changed. In Dr. Dingle you find a general who has kept his head. He doesn't believe all fronts have gone for good, that 'front' means no more than 'back'. At the same time he does not say that the dear old front of physics is still really there just behind the smoke. He believes that there has been a revolutionary advance and that it is still going on, but that it is still 'according to plan'. We are moving into quite new country, but the old method of advance, scientific method, still holds: a very English point of view, and a book to reflect upon and keep.

The next subject, which I think interests scientists and laymen equally, is biology, with its supreme problem of evolution. How did life arise and how is it that we humans find ourselves at the top of this towering tree? I can only mention a couple of books here. The first is Dr. Broom's *The Coming of Man*. Dr. Broom is one of the chief authorities on one of the turning points of evolution, the point where the amphibians—the forms of life which had come out of the sea but had not yet settled permanently on the land—turned into the reptiles. He has an interesting hypothesis to put forward. It is that there came a crisis, an evolutionary opportunity, in the amphibians' lives when they could give rise to a higher type of life. One species of all the myriads of amphibians took this opportunity. The species was not the most efficient amphibian. It was an amphibian with something other than mere efficiency about it, something which made it, if you will, unstable. It gave rise to the reptiles. Dr. Broom proceeds to trace the same strange crisis, as shown in each of the great steps of evolution. From fish to amphibian, from amphibian to reptile, from reptile to mammal, he believes there is always the same crisis and it is always solved and only solved by one type of that stage of animals involved. Once that is done, the rest of that stage—fish, amphibian, reptile or mammal—never gives rise to another such complete breakaway. Dr. Broom proceeds to apply this stimulating hypothesis to man. We human beings are here because we have kept unspecialised and our hope of further evolution lies in our keeping alive,

fresh, aware. That, you see, is a different picture from the earlier pictures of evolution. It begins to look as though the theory of the struggle to survive through the use of unlimited cunning and violence against your fellow creatures was not the real explanation of why we are here.

That problem is so important that I must mention another volume which throws much light on it: Professor le Gros Clark's *Early Forerunners of Man*. This book is given up to tracing back our immediate ancestry. Where has this strangest of the animals, man, come from? And the answer which Professor Clark gives tends to support the new view—that we come, not from gorilla or orang, but from some small, frail creature. There seems more and more evidence to show that our ancestor and those of the apes parted when ours was a tiny sensitive little creature something like the tarsier—an animal about the size of a kitten and as shy and frail as a bird. And quite apart from the interest of such a conclusion, there is in a book like this the absorbing interest of the search itself. If you have ever read a detective story, do try at least one of these books. I am sure you will not be disappointed. So much for the way we have got here. Now we must try and get a review of the way mankind has actually set about being human. I think here Hocart's *Progress of Man* is a first-rate survey of the whole of our present anthropological knowledge, of what we have found out about how human society and civilisation grew up and what it is actually today. No science is really more important than this one. For we are always talking about human nature and what men will stand and won't stand. Well, here we have given us, gleaned from all over the world, some of the most important facts, and certainly it is surprising and a very good education to discover how strange they are—how human beings do behave very often quite differently from what we had supposed.

Then, beside these still rather special books, are those very important volumes in any science service—the outline books which try and thread up in a clear and simple order the scientific explanation of all ordinary things. An excellent one is Andrade and Huxley's *Simple Science*\*. Professor Andrade covers what we used to call dead nature, while Mr. Huxley deals with living nature. Their aim was to describe to the ordinary boy the way ordinary things have been found to work. They found the ordinary grown person was interested, and, finally, that even some specialists needed to polish up some part of their scientific knowledge not kept bright by use.

Another practical book on a particularly interesting line of scientific research is Ritchie Calder's *Conquest of Suffering*. Mr. Calder gives a very readable review of what medical science is now doing to abolish pain. It is written so clearly and vividly that, quite apart from the fact that here is a subject which can't fail to have keen interest for all of us, it is good reading. And it is very hopeful reading too. Mr. Calder has had very good opportunities given him to look in on some of the latest advances in research and I think it will come as a surprise to most of us how far these advances have already gone and how bright now is the promise of the immediate future.

The books which Mr. Heard mentions above are as follows: *Science and Human Experience*, by H. Dingle (Williams and Norgate, 6s.); *The Coming of Man: Was it Accident or Design?* by R. Broom (Witherby, 10s. 6d.); *Early Forerunners of Man*, by Professor W. E. le Gros Clark (Baillière, 15s.); *Progress of Man*, by A. M. Hocart (Methuen, 7s. 6d.); *Simple Science*, by E. N. da C. Andrade and Julian Huxley (Blackwell, 8s. 6d.); and *Conquest of Suffering*, by Ritchie Calder (Methuen, 5s.).

\*Reviewed on page 677 of our issue of October 24

*The Way to God*

# Does God Speak Within Us?

By the Very Rev. W. R. MATTHEWS

**I**N my previous talk I suggested that the voice of God in the world around us could be heard most distinctly through persons, and that we shall never be able to learn all that nature has to tell us about the Creator unless we include human personality at its highest in the nature which we interrogate. This leads on quite naturally to my present subject. We have to ask now whether God speaks to us through a voice within us. We are persons: the highest kind of being which the world, as we know it, contains. If God manifests Himself at all it will be most surely here, in personal experience, and it behoves us to enquire how, in our own lives, a message or utterance of God can come to us.

It is my own conviction that every human being has a direct intuition of God and an immediate contact with Him in the inmost recesses of his soul, so that when we discuss the existence and the nature of God we are really talking about what in a sense we know already. Of course, the feeling of the presence with us of an Eternal Life may be dim and vague, and it may be interpreted in many different ways, but every man carries about with him a faculty of knowing God in a manner which is different from knowing about Him. The consciousness of God is not something which has to be planted in the soul from the outside, it is a latent power which needs to be educated and cultivated. In the great words of one of the earliest Christian Fathers, 'the glory of God is a living man; but the life of man is the vision of God'.

## Reason and Conscience

No doubt many will question this statement and affirm that, for their parts, they find in themselves no such gift and are possessed of no natural consciousness of God. I think they are mistaken and have misinterpreted their own experience. But we have no time to argue the point now. I mention it because, unless I did so, any discussion of the voice within us would be, from my point of view, quite misleading. But whether this belief be right or wrong, we can point to two capacities of the human spirit, reason and conscience, which no one questions and which have often been called the voice of God in the soul. No one doubts that we can reason, even though we often do it very badly, and no one doubts that we distinguish between good and evil, even though we exercise this power less frequently than we ought. We can ask the question: in what sense can we take reason and conscience to be a revelation of God in us?

We must observe that reason and conscience are very closely connected. This is a truth which has not always been understood, and many people, including some philosophers, have supposed that conscience is something quite different from reason, a 'feeling' or a 'sentiment'. Now of course our moral life is bound up with emotion more obviously than is the pure intellect. Most of us are more deeply moved when we are trying under difficulties to do our duty than when we are tackling a knotty problem of mathematics. That is because our moral judgments are directly concerned with practical life, with our personal acts and future, whereas some intellectual problems have no direct bearing on our lives. But the fact remains that both intellect and conscience are concerned with forming judgments—the one with judgments of what is true, and the other with judgments of what is good. It would really be more accurate to say, as the great philosopher Kant did, that there are two forms or manifestations of reason, the theoretical and the practical, the first being directed towards truth, the second towards right and good.

If there was any cogency in the arguments which I put before you in my first talk, we have good ground for believing that there is Reason behind Creation, and that intelligent Mind is the ultimate cause of the Universe. It would follow from that belief that reason in us must be, as Aristotle said long ago, a 'godlike quality', one of the aspects of our nature in which we are akin to God and can be described, metaphorically, as His image; and, therefore, we should easily conclude God must reveal Himself through our reason.

I should like to add at this point the suggestion that the very existence of this human reason gives us an additional argument

for the reality of God. As we have said, reason is always seeking for truth, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Now directly we begin to think about our knowledge and truth we notice, as a most important fact, that there is progress in knowledge. The truth which we know is always imperfect. There is always something more to be known and some points in the knowledge which we have which require to be corrected or made clearer. What seems to be implied by the fact that we have knowledge which we recognise as imperfect and incomplete? Surely the idea of an absolute and perfect truth. When we speak of advance in knowledge we must mean advance towards something. Towards what? Towards absolute truth. Now it is very difficult to conceive of absolute truth except as a thought. Absolute truth, it would seem, must be some kind of thinking, just as relative and imperfect truth is. Absolute truth must be the thought of a perfect mind, and since we are impelled by our own thinking to suppose that there is an absolute truth, we are equally impelled to suppose that there is a perfect mind. And, once again, it would follow that our reason is a revelation of the Mind of God. In so far as we are thinking truly, we are thinking God's thoughts. As St. Paul said, we see here, 'in a riddle in a mirror', and all our knowing is infected with error; but none the less we have in our intellect a reflexion of a reality and not a mirage.

This exaltation of the intellect as a revelation of God has, no doubt, raised an interesting question in the minds of some of my hearers. You are asking, 'Why, then, do we so often hear that reason and religion are opposed to one another?' And why do so many religious people depreciate the value of thought and knowledge? To explain why this happens would be a long story; but we must say definitely that it cannot be really the case that reason and religion are opposed to one another. On the contrary, if we believe in God as Eternal Mind, we are bound to believe that our minds are not only His gift but His image, and consequently that it is our duty to exercise our reason, recognising it as one way in which God speaks to us and guides us.

## The Place of Authority in Religion

But someone will say: what about the cases where human reason leads men to doubt or deny God? Can a God-given faculty lead to a denial of its Giver? Would it not be better if we subordinated our reason to faith and made what has been called 'the sacrifice of the intellect'? Would it not be wise for us to accept on authority what we cannot hope to reason out for ourselves?

In answer to this I would say that obviously authority has a place in the sphere of religion, just as it has everywhere else. We all hold most of our beliefs on authority of some kind, since there are only a few for which we can give first-hand evidence. And in the sphere of religion; a man who refuses to take account of the religious experience of the human race, and particularly of the Christian Church, seems to me unreasonable. Yes: that is the point, 'unreasonable'. When we accept beliefs on authority it is, or it ought to be, because we can see reason to trust that authority, and we assume that, though we do not know what they are, there are good reasons for holding the beliefs which we accept. We cannot justify ourselves in turning to authority in matters of belief in a blind and unreflecting way.

When men seem to be led by reason to deny God it is very often because they have not reasoned patiently enough; perhaps they have left out of account some of the evidence which ought to be considered, or perhaps they have hastily adopted a negative conclusion because they were exasperated by the follies of some believers. But, of course, it would be unjust to suggest that there are not cases where a man has used his reason honestly and carefully and is led to an agnostic or even atheistic position. I would still say that we should follow our reason. It is dangerous to try to stifle or override it. So far as I can see, any believer in God ought to take this view. Our reason is the echo of God, and we dare not tell others to disregard it, even when we think that their reason is a distorted and confused echo. We know from experience that doubts and diffi-

culties about religion have often been a necessary stage in attaining to a higher and worthier faith. Progress in religious ideas has owed a good deal to critics and sceptics, who have pointed out defects and absurdities in current conceptions of God, and thus, in the same way, it may be that, when our reason causes us to doubt, we are being led to a better belief in God than we had before. At any rate, I am convinced that the proper advice to give to those who are doubtful of the reality of God is not to give up thinking, but to think harder.

If we believe that God is Wisdom and Truth we shall have to draw the conclusion that all the wisdom and truth which human minds have expressed comes from Him. This sounds simple enough, but its consequences are far-reaching and probably few Christians have as yet given them due influence on their thought and action. We shall have to recognise that there is a revelation of God outside the Bible: we shall have to include Socrates and Buddha, and many more, among the prophets; we shall have to admit the results of modern science among the disclosures of God; in short, we shall have to confess that every discovery of truth is also a revelation of God.

### When Reason Leads to Doubt

I said that sometimes reason leads to doubt because some of the data have been left out of the reckoning; and this omission is most frequently the fact of the moral life. I cannot understand those philosophers who tell us that we should try to ignore our judgments of value when we think about the universe. Why should we purposely leave out one of the most striking features of the world? For it certainly is a fact that the universe contains persons like ourselves, who form ideals of conduct and have a sense of duty and judge some things to be good and others evil. As we have said, conscience is one form or aspect of reason and we simply get the problem of reality wrong when we forget that fact.

The greatest question which we have to ask ourselves is this: how are we to explain our sense of obligation and duty, our conviction that there are some things which we ought to be ready to die for and some things which we ought to be ready to die rather than do? I say how are we to 'explain', not how we are to 'explain away'. This sense of absolute obligation is an integral part of our human nature, and if we lost it we should become less than men; so that we should not be satisfied with any theory which suggested that these moral convictions are really illusory and that duty is only another name for what is prudent or expedient. What kind of world is it in which duty is a fact and the pursuit of good a justifiable enterprise?

There have been many answers to this question, but I think only one which is really satisfactory. We shall be able to justify and explain the authority which a good man ascribes to his conscience only if we hold that conscience is founded on reality, that in our conscience we have the ultimately Real, making its claim upon us—in other words, if we hold that the moral law is based, not upon convenience or preference, but upon the nature of the universe of which we form a part. Do not misunderstand me. I am not alleging that only believers in God can be good men. I recognise that there are many good men who have no such faith; but I am contending that, if you think out the implications of your conscience and ask what light our moral experience throws upon the problem of reality, you will find that the most intelligible view is that God exists, and the best theory is the old answer of religion, 'in His will is our peace'.

### Progress in Moral Goodness

Earlier in this talk, I put before you the suggestion that the fact of progress in knowledge implied an Absolute Truth. I want to make the same kind of suggestion about progress in moral goodness. We all recognise that moral progress is possible. Some people are better than others, some of our aims are higher and more worthy to be pursued than others. And we should all admit, I suppose, that our present standards of goodness are imperfect and can be improved. We can compare one set of moral judgments with another, one ideal of human life with another, and arrange them in a scale of value. Moral progress means, not only that people are becoming better according to their lights, but that their lights are becoming more adequate, they are not only more conscientious but their consciences are better informed. Now these obvious facts suggest the existence of an Absolute or Supreme

Good. Whenever we arrange anything in an order of excellence we presuppose the existence of some ideal from which we derive the scale. No doubt, in many cases, it could be said that the ideal was in our own minds and perhaps nowhere else; but I do not think we could say that this is true in the case of the moral ideal. As we have seen, the whole point of moral obligation and good is that we didn't invent it; it does not depend on us but is founded in a Reality which is beyond our natural selves. So, it seems, we are led by another path to the thought of God and view Him, so to speak, from another angle. He is not only the supremely Real Being, the Creator, but also the Supreme End, the final and perfect Good, from whom all lesser goods derive their value and in relation to whom progress has a definite meaning.

### Reason Will Correct Our Errors

The objection will be made, perhaps, that moral ideas have changed very much, and that they are simply relative to the time and circumstances of the people who have them, so that there is nothing absolute in morality. This difficulty is not really serious. Consider another kind of progress. We know that the reason of uncivilised men led them to some very queer conclusions; and we need not go back to savages. A hundred years ago scientific men held theories, based on reasoning which seemed cogent then, which are now quite incredible. No human reasoning is infallible, and all our conclusions are subject to revision; but we do not infer from this that reasoning is worthless and the quest of truth a waste of time. On the contrary, we believe that reason will correct our errors, if we persist in trusting it. In the same way, the fact that conscience has a history and that uncivilised men were less well acquainted with the nature of goodness than we are, should not tempt us to declare petulantly that conscience gives us no knowledge of good at all. We may cheerfully recognise that no one's conscience is infallible, and that we should always be ready to revise and enlarge our judgments about good and evil. We must recognise, too, that we cannot assume off-hand that all the deliverances of our conscience are the direct and undiluted word of God.

We conclude concerning conscience very much as we concluded concerning the reason in the narrower sense. There is a progressive revelation of God in the development of man's appreciation and apprehension of moral values. The whole story of the moral development of the human race is the history of man's discovery of the meaning of good, and, at the same time, a history of God's revelation of His will to man. Every advance in moral perception is a divine revelation; and we must widen our conception of the means by which God speaks to the world to include all the pioneers of moral insight who have been instruments of His purpose to reveal Himself in and to the spirit of man.

### Obtaining Direction for Our Lives

Religious people have often believed that God dealt with them in a special way and spoke to them with a more individual voice than that which comes through reason and conscience. Of course, this experience of a personal guidance has not been confined to Christians. The most famous instance is the case of Socrates, who was directed, as he believed, by a divine influence which checked him when he was about to do anything contrary to his true vocation. The guiding voice which Socrates heard seems always to have prohibited him from doing something; we do not hear that it gave positive directions. We have heard a good deal of late about 'guidance', and, as we know, some groups of Christians have elaborated a technique by which they seek divine guidance for every detail of life. Much of what they have to say seems to me good and in accordance with what any believer in God should be prepared to accept. The practice of securing a 'quiet time' every day in which we listen to the voice of God is one which we should all be better for observing. Many of us do not give ourselves a fair chance of obtaining direction for our lives. We live from hand to mouth and act from habit or custom, following the line of least resistance. The quiet time should give us an opportunity of cutting loose from the domination of everyday motives and of bringing those ideals which we recognise as authoritative in our better moments to bear upon our conduct. But, no doubt, the guidance which we may receive in such circumstances goes beyond this. If we believe that God is our living though unseen Friend, we must allow

that He can and will care for the individual who trusts in Him and will 'put into his mind good desires' as well as 'enable him to bring the same to good effect'. The question of special endowments of insight to men who are called to play prominent parts in God's revelation of Himself will be dealt with in our next talk, but we have no good reason to suppose that guidance is confined to prophets. Each person has his own vocation in God's world, and we are justified in believing that to each one grace will be given to fulfil that vocation if he prepares himself to receive it. If you ask how this individual guidance comes to the soul, I must remind you of the beginning of this talk, where I stated my conviction that each human self was, at the centre of its being, in contact with God.

It is hardly necessary to remark that belief in special personal guidance has dangers. This is not surprising, because every force, spiritual as well as physical, is dangerous. There is, however, a peculiar perversion of the idea of guidance which leads to great absurdity. I mean the suggestion that all we have to do is to make our minds a complete blank and then we can assume that any ideas which come into them are inspired by God. Unfortunately there are many ideas and desires floating about in our minds which only wait for the

relaxation of our will to come into the focus of consciousness, and they are by no means all of divine origin. When we find a fixed idea in our minds it is very unsafe to assume that God put it there. The seeking of guidance by means of the 'quiet time' is only likely to be fruitful when it is of the nature of prayer and meditation—that is, when we begin with a sincere desire to surrender ourselves to God's will and with a clear idea of God's character.

We admit then that special guidance of the individual is a fact; but we must make one final comment and reservation. The voice of God which comes to us through reason and conscience is the guidance which must, in the end, be the court of appeal. If we seem to hear a word of God in our soul which, after our best consideration, appears to be in conflict with our conscience or reason, we must conclude that it is not God's word to us.

Man is God's image; 'the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord'. We have explored only a very little of this vast subject here, for every part and aspect of our nature, because it reflects God, speaks of Him. We may hear or we may forbear to hear the voice which speaks within us, but it speaks all the same, telling us that God is, and, in part, what He is and what we are.

## New Allowances for the Unemployed

By R. C. DAVISON

Broadcast on December 12.

**D**URING the first half of this year Parliament was largely occupied in passing the new Unemployment Act. The object was, first, to strengthen the contributory insurance scheme, and, second, to set up an entirely new system of unemployment relief outside insurance. Today the Government has published, in readiness for Parliament next week, the proposed regulations under which this new kind of Unemployment Assistance will be worked. That may not sound very exciting, but remember that this new scheme will closely affect the lives of some three or four million men, women and children, either continuously or off and on during 1935.

The scheme is controlled by the new Unemployment Assistance Board in London, and the Board has already set up its staff all over the country. On January 7 the Board will take over all those unemployed people who are now drawing what are called transitional payments and, on March 1 next, the Board will add to its clients that smaller number of the uninsured unemployed who are being supported by the local poor law. The Board's expenditure will be about £50,000,000 in the first full year.

It is not only a vast undertaking, but a revolutionary change in British practice. A centralised and uniform system of relief is to take the place of a local and very variable one. The new cash allowances will still vary according to household needs, but they will no longer vary according to whether a family lives on one side of a borough boundary or the other. So far as genuine unemployed workers and their dependents are concerned, the traditional responsibilities of local government are to end. Only the aged and the sick and non-workers will still fall to the local poor law.

But what may be a more vital personal matter to some of you is the practical question: how will the Board's new allowances compare with the existing local assessments of transitional payment and out relief? So far as single men and women are concerned, I can only tell you that the scale is set at 15s. and 14s. respectively, whereas a good many are now getting more. But where families are concerned, especially where there are two or more children, the new scale is above the maximum transitional payment, and also, I think, above the amount of poor law relief now given in most areas. It is built up of 24s. for a man and wife, 3s. for a child under 5, 4s. to 4s. 6d. for school children according to age, and above that there are grades up to 10s. for an adult dependent over 21 years. But, where there is only one child, even if under five, the minimum allowance is 4s.

But what about the vexed question of rent? This has always been a snag in poor law practice. Yet it is a family charge which cannot be avoided. The Board has now invented a novel method

which amounts to this: that a standard rent (normally 7s. 6d.) is assumed to be covered by the allowances I have mentioned. Where the actual rent is above standard, the excess, within certain limits, is to be allowed; where it is below standard, something will be taken off the scale allowance.

You realise, of course, that the maximum allowance will only be paid where there are no other family resources to be taken into account. Now we come to one of the conundrums of public relief, that I sometimes think will never be solved. What is to be done about savings, and about the earnings of other members of the household? Small savings, thrift of various kinds that is common in workers' homes, have for some time been wholly or partially ignored in the assessment of relief. This protection is now somewhat extended. But what about earnings?

Obviously it is still the way of British family life for husbands and wives, and fathers and sons and daughters, etc., to help one another in times of stress. But when it comes to the point few people like having their unemployment money cut down on that account. And this is where the shoe has pinched in the local operation of the means test since 1931. Now we are to have a national formula, which gives more protection than has hitherto been usual to the earnings and possessions of all members of the household. In the typical case of earning sons and daughters, the contribution to be expected from them will be put at a smaller fraction of their wages than has hitherto been required. And that is not all. The expected contribution will diminish with the distance of relationship. Probably the new officials will work it all out with a Table of Affinity in front of them! But don't let us underestimate the importance of this rule. Many a family may find themselves better off for this reason, even though they live in an area like Glasgow where the scale of local P.A. has hitherto been more generous than the Board's.

Some of you may be asking: how is all this going to look when compared with the fixed rates of unemployment benefit? The answer is that the single man or woman is to get less than the insured contributor, but the family with more than one child will get more. It follows that the insured beneficiary, with two or more children or a high rent, may be able to apply to the Board for the difference between his benefit and the higher scale of these free allowances.

I must emphasise two over-riding principles which govern the whole of these allowances. Firstly, an unemployed man should not be granted more than he usually earned in wages. There will perhaps have to be some exceptions to this rule, especially after March 1 next, when the Board's scheme comes to be applied to agricultural areas. Secondly, the Regulations make it clear that these scales and figures are not to be applied quite automatically. A wide discretion is left to the officials and Appeals Tribunals.

# Microphone Miscellany

*Some extracts from recent broadcasts*

## The Five-Day Week

WE SHOULD WORK to live, not live to work, and that means having time to do things we want to do. Recognising this in the factory with which I am most closely associated, we have recently introduced a five-day week without reduction of pay, and the freedom from Friday evening to Monday morning is certainly highly appreciated. The daily hours of work vary between eight and nine, which brings the total of hours worked in most cases to less than it was formerly. We are by no means unique. But because *we* work a five-day week of something like forty-two hours, I am not going to pretend this is practicable everywhere. The conditions in no two industries are alike, nor even in two departments of the same factory. I should be inclined to say that from the humanitarian point of view there is no hardship in a working day of eight to nine hours, or, if the work is congenial, even longer. The important thing is that a human being whose work leaves him little scope for expressing and developing his individuality should have sufficient leisure to develop and pursue some interest of his own which will do it. But you must remember that even the best employers can't always afford to do what they would like to do. And that applies just as much to the State and public authorities as to private firms. We have made tremendous progress in the last fifty years, but in desiring to go forward we must not overlook the practical problem of the relation between hours of work, costs, prices, public demand and employment. Take retail trade, for instance. The governing factor is that the public must be served at certain hours, and in competitive business any shop that is not open at those hours would soon have its shutters up. If a humane employer were to reduce his assistant's hours of work to the point at which he had to engage a new assistant, it is quite possible that he would have to raise prices to cover his wages, and thus drive trade elsewhere ultimately. It is worse than useless to be an idealist if you are not at the same time a practical idealist.

This warning applies particularly to those people who advocate the universal forty-hour week as a cure for unemployment without considering the effects it would have on output, costs, prices and public demand. Moreover, there is no guarantee that reduced hours will mean anything like a corresponding increase of employment. Here are figures for you from the experience of one of the biggest firms in Germany, which I visited a few months ago. This firm employs many thousands of workers, and when hours of work were reduced by decree from forty-eight to forty a week, it was expected that there would be a corresponding increase in the numbers employed. But, instead of a 20 per cent. addition to the staff, the new workers totalled less than 1 per cent.

I do not see that from any point of view one can generalise about weekly hours of work beyond saying that where it is practicable a five-day week should be aimed at; and that where it is not practicable it is at least desirable to find some means of extending the period of paid holidays. In my own firm, which owns more than 1,000 retail shops scattered throughout the country, we are considering how we can give occasional extra time off without raising costs to the public to the detriment of sales. This is no simple matter. It involves so many factors that it must take several months before any sort of decision can be arrived at.

LORD TRENT

## A Miller's Ruse

OVER THE LAST MONTH OR TWO, more than one correspondent has drawn my attention to a growing practice amongst millers that wants discouraging. In some of the West Country mills I am told, machinery has been installed for what is known as 'conditioning' feeding stuffs for farm uses. Barleys are put into silos for 36 hours or so with a view to expanding their moisture content. The same is happening to offals. These are sprayed, water sprinklers being used in the mill. Not all the millers are adopting these practices. You can tell that by getting a declaration from the miller's traveller when he comes. Sometimes they will try to get your business by indicating that they don't use

'sprinklers' as they call them, in their mills. An advance has been made in recent times over fibre contents by leading firms of millers. We can now get a declared standard fibre content. We don't want to be giving our cattle more indigestible matter than is necessary. And the same is true about water. Most of us can provide our animals with water without paying for it through the feeding stuffs bill, and it will soon be necessary, if these practices are extended, to demand a moisture content declaration before we will agree to place an order. Don't think that I am alleging this to be a general practice, but it's a growing one. The stress of business competition has forced people to adopt business methods of this kind. But there are enough millers outside who warrant farmers placing their business elsewhere if they come across this sort of thing. When you see a bag of middlings set down in your barn, or barley meal, and it goes all squat and close, look into the matter a little more closely.

JOHN MORGAN

## Out-dazzling the Dazzler

EVERY FRIDAY after my talk, driving back to Cambridge, I meet for the first twenty miles a stream of cars coming into London and some of them have blazing lamps. Once or twice I have had to stop dead, because the fellow wouldn't dip or dim his lights, and I just couldn't see where I was going. When it began to get dark earlier there seemed to be more drivers who had no road manners. So I could stand it no longer. I went to the garage that keeps my car in trim, and I said: 'Will you scour round and see if you can find me a pair of headlights to replace mine? I don't care how old they are provided they're the biggest and the most powerful headlights that ever blazed out on a dark road'. They found me a pair, each about the size of a coal scuttle. They'd come off some prehistoric monster. Twelve and sixpence the pair. They fitted them in place of my feeble ones. I said: 'Fit that offside one so that it shines bang in the eye of any oncoming car'. They did. And they fitted one of my old ones down below on the buffer level so that when I switched off my battleship blazers it just lighted the curbstone and would annoy nobody. So for last Friday it was all complete, and after my talk, off I set. For the first ten miles there was no need for headlights at all. I kept just my sidelights on, and occasionally my curb lamp. But quite soon they began. Big cars coming in to the theatres, I suppose. And before long came the first fellow with blazing headlamps who wasn't going to dim or dip them for me or anyone else with feeble lights. I gave him his chance, but no good; and then I let him have it bang in the eye. I tell you those lights of his went down as though my lamp had turned his switch for him. Then I put mine out. Another came: another of the lordly lads who blaze their way through anything and everything. Again I let him have it. Again the lamps popped out. Again I put mine out. It was grand! Now with my monster lamps, I have the time of my life, correcting carelessness and punishing bad manners. I switch off for every approaching motor and for every cyclist. Sometimes a fellow in a car comes along who doesn't know I'd switched out for a cyclist, thinks that's all the light I've got and tries to blaze through. I let him have it for just a fraction of a second: it's quite enough: out he goes. And out I go until the cyclist is past.

Now this is grand sport: it's like hunting enemy lamps with a machine gun, but it makes me think. I always like to test big world affairs by little local affairs that I'm personally mixed up in. Putting out other people's blazing headlamps with still more powerful blazing headlamps: yes. It sounds very much like the world competition in armaments, doesn't it? Suppose *he* runs off to the garage and says, 'Fit me a pair of headlamps twice as powerful as the lamps of that fellow who makes me turn mine off: I'll show him'. Then *I* shall have to go to my garage and say, 'I want you to get me a pair of those searchlights about the size of dustbins'. And if we go on like that, where do we stop? I can't see any stop short of making cars that are fit for nothing but carrying monster lamps and either leaving them in the garage because nobody dare take them out, or having a murderous crash of overlit cars, or going bankrupt. And isn't that exactly what the nations are doing with their competition in

armaments? Either armies and navies and aircraft that no one dare use or a murderous crash of overarmed nations, or bankruptcy. Where's the difference? None. Then if you can tell me the right way out of this competition in blazing headlights you'll have told me the right way out of the competition in armaments. So now's *your* chance to solve a world problem.

JOHN HILTON

## Nova Herculis, 1934

Broadcast on December 13

A BRIGHT NEW STAR is a rare enough event to excite interest outside astronomical circles. This morning's new star appeared in the constellation of Hercules. Mr. Prentice is a well-known observer of meteors or shooting stars and is the Director of the Meteor Section of the British Astronomical Association. It was while observing a meteor shower this morning that Mr. Prentice noticed the new star. The Observer on duty at Greenwich, on getting Mr. Prentice's message proceeded to set the large telescope upon the star and was able to obtain photographs of its spectrum before daylight.

The new star is a bright naked-eye object of the third magnitude, not very far distant from the bright star Vega. In these latitudes it is a circumpolar star. In other words, it never disappears below the horizon but remains visible throughout the night. During the evening, it is getting lower and lower in the sky and at midnight is only a few degrees above the horizon; then it begins to get higher in the sky again. It is therefore most favourably placed for observation in the early evening soon after dusk or shortly before sunrise. It has been easily visible today, in broad daylight, in the telescopes at Greenwich; in the telescope it shows a distinct greenish colour. From the photographs we have obtained today, it appears probable that the star has already passed its greatest brightness and a steady decline in brightness is therefore to be expected. The star is likely, however, to remain visible to the naked eye for several weeks. No new star has been seen in England since August, 1920, when a star flared up in the constellation of Cygnus and became of the second magnitude.

The most famous new star was one which appeared in the year 1572 and was observed by the famous Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe; this star became brighter than Venus when at her brightest and remained visible for several months. Tycho and his contemporaries thought that a new star had actually come into existence. It is now known that this is not so. The term 'new star' is really a misnomer; what actually happens is that a normal star suddenly blazes up, increasing in brightness many thousands or hundreds of thousands of times. The star just discovered, which will be known as Nova Herculis, 1934, will be found on many earlier photographs of the portion of the sky in which it has appeared and from an examination of these records something of its previous history will be learnt. It should perhaps be emphasised that though we are only now observing it, the outburst actually occurred several hundred years ago.

These new stars or *novæ* are of particular interest to the astronomer because in them we see a stage in the slow process of stellar evolution actually in progress before our eyes. There are reasons for thinking that every star has to pass through this particular stage once during the course of its life-history. Our own sun has not yet done so and we are tempted to ask whether it also is destined at some time in the future suddenly to blaze up and, if so, when? But these are questions to which as yet no definite answer can be given.

DR. SPENCER-JONES

## Oviedo After the Revolution

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from Oviedo, the city that suffered most during the recent Spanish revolution. Oviedo, as you know, is the capital of Asturias, a beautiful region in the North-West of Spain, surrounded by a chain of very high mountains which separate it from the rest of the country. It has a long coast line, well suited for landing arms, and because of this and its large mining population and the city's natural defences, it played a vital part in the revolution.

The Socialist revolution was fairly general over a belt of territory extending along the North, but it broke out with special violence at Madrid, Barcelona and in Asturias. At one time it seemed that the rising would be successful, but the

Government soon got the upper hand everywhere, except in Asturias, where the rebels were masters of a large district for at least ten days.

As soon as I entered this region I realised how intense the fighting had been, and it wasn't difficult to believe that the losses suffered by both sides, and by the civil population, numbered over 3,000 killed. As the car came down a steep gorge from a height of 5,000 feet, almost impassable because of the snow, we left behind village after village, where ruined houses and bullet marks told their grim story.

But the full blast of the revolution was directed against Oviedo itself, a city of over 80,000 inhabitants. Not more than 700 men defended it against a force of some 30,000 rebels, who were well provided with arms of all kinds, bombs and dynamite. The dynamite they had obtained from the mines and from a large factory in the district. They entered the city firing wildly at anything and everybody, and throwing sticks of dynamite into the buildings. They were soon masters of Oviedo, save at those spots where small groups of soldiers and police put up a determined resistance for ten whole days and nights.

The only important buildings that escaped destruction were those defended in this way, or occupied by the rebels as their headquarters. Tons of dynamite were used to wreck the town, and a great part of it was burnt down—the houses being drenched with petrol and then set ablaze. The art treasures of the city were destroyed, and most of its seats of learning. The University, founded three centuries ago, perished completely with its fine library of over 30,000 volumes. The whole of the Provincial Institute was blown up, and the Schools of Santo Domingo were burnt to the ground. The Cathedral suffered great damage, and its famous *Camara Santa*, known throughout the world for its art treasures, was also entirely destroyed.

The same happened to many churches and convents, and to such fine old buildings as the Law Courts and the Bishop's Palace; to the principal hotels and banks, and to a large number of large private houses in all quarters of the town—and chiefly in the main streets. They are not damaged, or partly wrecked, but completely and totally gutted. Only their outer walls remain, and apart from these there are dozens of buildings which have been more or less damaged. It seemed hardly possible that so much destruction should have been caused in so short a time.

L. A. BOLIN

## Turkey Lore

THIS YEAR, WITH the new marking order for turkeys, you cannot sell foreign turkeys unless there is a disc on the bird showing that it is of foreign origin. Foreign birds must also have a hole punched in the web of the wing, so you see if you want to make sure that you are buying an English bird you have only got to lift up the wing, and if there is no hole or mark you can then be quite sure it is English. Some English turkeys are also marked with the national mark—a small silhouette map of England and Wales—fixed to English turkeys. The mark's a sign of good quality. A blue disc shows that it is a lighter hen bird, and a red disc marks a heavier cock bird.

How are you going to make sure that you get a young one? Well, for this purpose we will lump all the lot together—English and foreign—and then separate the black-feathered ones from the white-feathered ones. Now, if they all had their birth certificates with them you would find that the young black-feathered birds would all have coal black feet and legs so far as the scales go and that the young white-feathered ones would have nice clean white feet, and you would notice that after their first year that both the black and white feet were turning pink; the black ones, of course, a deeper pink than the white, but they both turn very nearly red as they get older. In the case of the cock bird the spurs are a good guide, those of a young bird, even a 25-pounder, being only about the size and shape of a split pea. When their spurs begin to protrude about half-an-inch they have probably had a good deal more experience of life and have become hard in consequence. The hen is a bit harder to judge because a well-fed healthy hen of two, or even three, summers will look so perfectly young and innocent hanging up with a little powder on her nose, but look closely into the skin on the side of the breast. The skin should be as smooth and soft as a baby's. A number of thin hair-like wrinkles in a diamond pattern on the side of the breast is a sign of advancing age.

Now you will want to see if the bird has a good proportion of meat on it. The bird will no doubt be hanging up by its feet

when you see it, so that you will be able to see all you want. Ask the poulterer to show you the back of the bird. Now, a good well-covered bird should have a fair amount of fat on the back, but not too much, an old hen has a tendency to develop a lot of extra fat. The condition of the 'Parsons Nose' is also a good guide; a nice fat one usually indicates a good bird, whilst a plain dryish looking one indicates a half-starved bird.

Now for the freshness of the bird. This is where the quality of their feeding comes in. A good well-fed Norfolk will in seasonable weather hang for a fortnight without showing the slightest sign of deterioration. In fact they should be hung, but birds that have been produced on rubbish very soon show signs of decay. Then the blood in the neck begins to stain and the stain creeps upwards towards the breast, first a pale red, then gradually darkening. Try and buy English birds if you can. They may cost more, but I think they will be as cheap in the long run; for they have better flavour and there is more meat on the bird.

A. C. MARSHALL

## How to Deal with Fruit Pests

WOOLLY APHIS, or American blight, is found in every apple orchard in the world, and its control in some countries has been obtained by the use of a small Chalcid parasite. Woolly aphis is found not only on apples, but on ornamental plants, for instance on *pyracantha*, on species of *Pyrus*, and on *cotoneaster horizontalis*. It is a real scourge on old and neglected trees, and such trees provide admirable breeding places, from which the pest migrates to hitherto clean trees. It may be well here to explode one theory: the growing of *tropæolum*, the 'garden nasturtium', around infested trees does not provide immunity from this pest. This fallacious statement still appears, however, from time to time in the press. In the case of a small number of apple trees, one may keep the insect within bounds by painting the woolly patches during the spring and summer with methylated spirit, but *not* with paraffin. The control of this pest in large plantations is obtained by the forceful application of a nicotine and soft soap wash, but more than one application will be necessary during the late spring and summer. The application of any insecticide is of little use if it is applied with poor pressure, for then the insects are not wetted—penetration through their woolly covering being impossible. The unsatisfactory results so frequently obtained by amateurs following spraying operations are due chiefly to the inadequate apparatus at their disposal. The larvæ of two widely separated insects—the codling moth and the apple sawfly—are termed 'fruit maggots'. A great deal of confusion still exists as to which pest is responsible for injury to the fruits. The larva of the codling moth usually enters by the 'eye' of the fruit and eats its way round the core, eventually emerging at the side of the fruit. The sawfly larva eats out a large cavity in the centre of the fruit, while the presence of ribbon-like scars on the fruit is due to the attempts made by the young larva to bite its way in through the skin. A hole in the side of the fruit from which a mass of wet brown frass exudes is also indicative of attack by sawfly. All fallen fruits should be collected and either buried deeply, placed on the hot embers of a garden fire, or fed to pigs. Spraying operations against these pests differ somewhat according to the species concerned. Codling moth infestations may be controlled by lightly spraying seven days after petal-fall with lead-arsenate wash, directing the spray into the 'eye' of the fruitlets; and by tying bands of corrugated paper, straw, or old sacking round the stems of standard and half-standard apple trees in June to provide pupation quarters for the larvæ—the bands should be removed and burnt in October. Apple sawfly may be controlled by heavily spraying the trees within a week of petal-fall with nicotine and soap. The reason for recommending that a light application should be made in one case and a heavy application in the other, is that lead arsenate is a 'stomach' poison, and it is necessary to apply it so that an even distribution of arsenical particles is made over the 'port of entry', as it were, of the fruitlets. Nicotine soap is, on the other hand, a 'contact' wash and must wet the eggs and young larvæ thoroughly in order to destroy them.

G. FOX WILSON

## Good Manners in Gherzim

WHEN WE CAME to the fortress city of Gherzim, the Caid's favourite son, who was also his father's twenty-seventh child, came out to meet me. His father always kept the regulation four wives but he liked them young, so after about ten years, he

divorced each one in turn and took another luckless wench. The old Caid of Gherzim was one of the most remarkable men I have ever met or ever expect to meet. To start with, he must have been close on a hundred years old and his youngest child was about seven. How many offspring he actually had, Heaven alone knows, but there were well over fifty of them. The old man was the personification of dignity. I believe I am the first Englishman he had ever met and he insisted in putting on a full-blown ceremonial feast—a *dhefa*—in my honour. When I say 'feast' I mean 'feast'. We began with six pancakes and four fried eggs each. This was by way of *hors d'œuvres*. Next came a whole sheep barbecued—this was between five of us—then a

*couscous* with half a chicken each and several kinds of vegetables. We finished up with tea. When taking part in a *dhefa* it is an insult of throat-cutting severity not to eat oneself to a standstill.

Ten days later I reached Timimoun, where I rented a native house for two months. While there I saw one of the most extraordinary feats of conjuring—call it more Black Magic if you like. Living in Timimoun is a wealthy young Arab named Ahmet Baghdad with whom I became very friendly. One night he came in to supper with me and started amusing me with some sleight of hand. Among other things he produced ten-day-old chicks out of the sugar basin. Don't ask me how he did it, because I don't know. I don't believe he brought them in with him because I couldn't hear any cheep-cheeping going on. Then he told me he would draw me a picture of my mother. Now an Arab's views on art are somewhat different from ours and I thought his offer in somewhat doubtful taste. He asked me to let him hold something which I associated with my mother. So I lent him my wrist-watch. He held the watch in his hand in front of his face and rocked himself to and fro, to and fro, until he seemed to fall into a species of trance. While in that state, with the aid of a match he drew in the sand on the floor a portrait of my mother which was startlingly lifelike and accurate. How did he do it? Can anyone tell me? Because I would like to know.

BRIAN STUART

## The Magic Boots

I HAD A funny experience one day in Eltham Park. Watching the school matches, I saw a boy trundling about with football boots at least four sizes too big. It was painful to watch him. After the game, he sat down in the middle of the field, removed his football boots, and to my surprise, I saw he had on his ordinary boots underneath! I said to him, 'What's the idea?' He replied, 'They're my big brother's football boots, but he doesn't know I borrowed them. They're fine for scoring goals, 'cause he scores quite a lot with them for Bexley Heath'.

J. G. PALMER

Owing to the Christmas holiday, our next issue will appear on Thursday, December 27.



Slave woman crushing wheat for the *dhefa* at Gherzim

*The Sky at Night*

# How Time is Determined

By R. L. WATERFIELD

WE saw last week that the stars were called 'fixed stars' because they never change their positions in relation to each other. Yet the entire sky with all the stars upon it appears to turn round us as a whole once a day; and this, as we saw, was simply the result of the earth's daily rotation upon its axis. You will remember that the hub of the sky, about which the rest of it appears to revolve like a wheel, is conveniently marked by the Pole Star. So the Pole Star is the one star in the sky that is stationary,



Orion, his belt and sword

To counteract the earth's rotation during the 8-hour exposure given to this picture, the camera was kept moving by clockwork. The famous Orion nebula just visible to the naked eye is in the middle of the sword, but the long exposure brings out additional faint nebulosity all over the constellation.

Photograph by the Author

while all the others go round it in circles. But the Pole Star, instead of being exactly overhead, is displaced downwards quite a considerable distance towards the northern horizon. And this means that the stars, instead of just going round and round the sky, indulge in the process of rising and setting. In the eastern half of the sky the stars are climbing upwards; when they are south of the Pole Star they are highest overhead; in the western

half of the sky they are sinking towards the western horizon; and when they have got round to the north side of the Pole Star they are either lowest in the sky or hidden from view beneath the horizon.

I purposely avoided mentioning last week that the sky actually goes a little bit *more* than once round in the 24 hours. In fact it completes its circuit in four minutes less than the 24 hours. After all, when you come to think of it, if it went round in exactly 24 hours the stars would be in the same positions every night at the same hour. And even the most casual star-gazer knows quite well that this is not so. For example, at Christmas-time we are all familiar with Orion straddling the south horizon; and we equally well know that when summer comes Orion is no longer there. Yet when Christmas returns Orion is back again in his old position.

Each night the sky gains, so to speak, four minutes on the clock. Every night each star has got a bit further round towards the west than it was at the same hour on the previous night. And it so happens that this extra tiny fraction of a turn each night mounts up in the course of a year to just one complete extra turn. In December at midnight Orion is south. In three months' time at midnight he will be setting in the west. In the summer at midnight he will be out of sight far beneath the north horizon. In nine months' time you will find him at midnight rising in the east. And finally a year from now he will be at midnight precisely where he is now.

But what exactly do we imply by saying that the stars gain four minutes a night on the clock? To insure that we are up and about more or less during the day-time and are in bed more or less during the night-time, the authorities have decreed that clocks should be regulated to keep pace with the sun. When

the clock tells us that twenty-four hours have gone by, it is really informing us that the sun has made just one circuit of the sky. So the clock comes to the same thing as the sun; and when we say the stars have gained four minutes on the clock, we mean that they have gained four minutes on the sun, so the sun appears to go once round us in exactly a day and the stars in about four minutes less than a day.

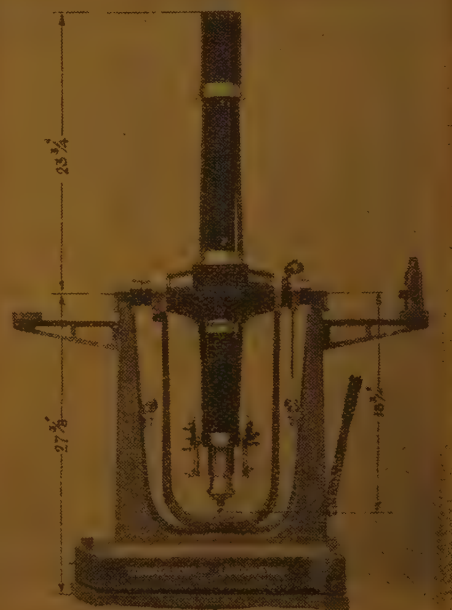
People often are quite shocked when one shows them a star with a telescope in the day-time. They forget that the stars are as much there as they are at night, and are merely hidden from view by the dazzling illumination of the atmosphere. If there was no atmosphere and we were still able to survive, we should see stars shining all round the sun, and could watch the way in which they were gaining upon him. During the day-time you would see the sun and stars moving together from east to west across the sky, but the stars would be going just a little faster. It would be rather like a circular race in which the runners run round and round many times: by the end of the 365th lap (*i.e.*, after the lapse of a year), the stars that were originally neck and neck with the sun would have gained on him one complete circuit and have just caught up with him again.

As a matter of fact you can get a very good idea for yourself of the way in which the starry background of the sun slowly changes through the year. Take a look each evening directly it is getting dark at the constellations that are nearest to the sunset. As the weeks pass so you will see them closing in on, and gradually being swallowed up in, the glow of the twilight. If you are strong-minded you can watch the reverse process occurring in the dawn, and see as the weeks go by the eastern constellations being disgorged from the sunrise.

You will remember how the writers of antiquity made use of this phenomenon in naming the seasons. Thus they talked of the 'dog-days' in the late summer, when Sirius, the Dog Star, first emerges from the sunrise and shines in the east, the herald of the dawn.

To summarise briefly, we see that the sun appears to go round us exactly in a day for the obvious reason that a day is defined as the time taken for the sun to go once round. The stars, however, go round us in four minutes under the day, and so are always gaining on the sun. Thus the starry background of the sun changes continually through the year. The morning stars are always moving westwards to become the midnight stars, and these, in their turn, move on to become the evening stars; and finally the evening stars disappear into the sunset to become, if we could only see them, the day-time stars.

But what is the cause of this annual shifting round of the stars behind the sun? In actual fact it is neither the sun nor



Transit instrument at Headley Observatory

The telescope swings vertically up and down round the horizontal axis running left to right across the picture. This axis points due east and west, and is perfectly level. The telescope enables one to note the precise instant that any star is due south of the Pole Star.

By courtesy of Cooke, Troughton and Simms, Ltd.

the stars that are moving. Once again it is entirely the earth's fault, as it travels in the course of a year in a large circle round the sun. Imagine that you are the earth, that the lamp hanging over the dining-room table is the sun, and that the pictures round the dining-room walls are the constellations. You have only to walk round the table facing the lamp to see how by so doing you can make the background of perfectly stationary pictures appear to move round behind the perfectly stationary lamp. Similarly the annual revolution of the earth round the sun causes the fixed stars to appear to move round behind the stationary sun.

And now I shall let out the secret of those mysterious 'six pips', by which all right-minded men set their watches at night and forfeit all excuse to be late at the office in the morning. The 'six pips' are sent out automatically by the pendulum of a special clock at Greenwich Observatory through the control room in Broadcasting House to the various transmitters direct. The responsibility for the accuracy of this far-flung signal rests in the first instance with that clock. Now there is only one clock in the world that is perfectly accurate and that is neither the time-signal clock nor any other clock made by man. The only perfect clock in the world is the earth itself. The movement of the clock is the earth's rotation, the face of the clock is the starry sky, and the hand of the clock is a telescope called a transit instrument. The most important point about a clock is that it should go regularly, and to all intents and purposes the earth's rotation is perfectly regular. An ordinary clock has the minutes painted at regular intervals upon its face, but as you know the face of the sky is painted with stars entirely at random. This simply means that astronomers have had to measure very accurately the positions of the stars in the sky; so that although the intervals between them are quite irregular, astronomers know exactly what those intervals are. Look at a star-map and you will see how astronomers have divided it up into hours, minutes and seconds, so that you can tell at once the hour, minute and second that any star represents.

There only remains the hand of the clock, or the transit instrument. This is an ordinary telescope mounted in such a way as to point anywhere along the line running across the sky exactly overhead and due south from the Pole Star. As the earth's rotation causes the stars to swing overhead from east to west, so you can note with the transit instrument the precise instant that any star passes through the centre of its field of view—the instant, that is, when it is due south of the Pole Star. Since we saw that the stars could be regarded as the hours, minutes and seconds painted on the sky, this procedure is exactly analogous to noting the instant at which the hand of a clock comes to point precisely at a given minute

mark. In this way astronomers read the time from the stars and find out how much fast or slow their clocks are. Then just before the clock is connected up to send out the signal, it is corrected magnetically to give the exact time.

Nowadays people do not have to worry about getting their own time from the stars: they leave it to the astronomers and tune in to the time signal. But not so long ago, before wireless was, and before telephones had penetrated very far into the country, it was common enough to find in large country houses a transit instrument in regular use. Of course, since the stars gain four minutes a day on the clock, star-time has to be slightly doctored before it is fit for public use. One simply looks up in the almanac how much to subtract at any time of the year to convert it into ordinary time.

Last week I told you how to find your latitude, but I said nothing about the longitude. The reason I left it out was that longitude is so very closely bound up with time. Time is a purely local affair. When you are lunching in London people in New York are getting up, and people in India are having tea. We call it noon when the sun is south; and since we live on a round world we cannot all have the sun south of us at the same time. It follows that we must, so to speak, take our middays in turn. If you go west from London half way round the world you naturally get your midday half a day, or twelve hours, later than in London. A quarter of the way round the world midday is a quarter of a day, or six hours, later. Now half-way round the world represents 180 degrees of longitude, and a quarter of the way round represents 90 degrees. So the longitude of a place is simply the difference between its time and the time at Greenwich: you just have to remember that every hour represents 15 degrees.

When a sailor wants his longitude he gets his local time by noting the instant that a star is due south of the Pole Star. At the same instant he notes the Greenwich Time as given by his chronometer. The difference is his longitude. And this is where sailors, surveyors, explorers, and astronomers unite in giving thanks to the inventors and perpetrators of time-signals. For no chronometer keeps perfect time, and every four seconds it is out may mean an error of a mile in one's longitude.

So there is a lot to be said for living on a round and rotating world. If the earth was flat there could be no accurate navigation. You would cross the ocean in fear and trepidation. You would go entirely by the method of 'dead-reckoning': from your speed and direction, and certain assumptions as to wind and currents, you would have to guess where exactly you had got to. And if the earth did not spin upon its axis life would be still more lugubrious; our plight would be rather similar to that of the Mad Hatter, for whom it was always six o'clock, always time for tea.

## The Theatre

# Plays for Varied Moods

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

THE story of a Chinese play may impress us as much as if it had been told according to European stage conventions. 'Lady Precious Stream' is a traditional Chinese play in four acts arranged by Mr. S. L. Hsiung. He produces it himself with the help of Miss Nancy Price. There is no scenery at all, and moving about among the actors there is a person (sometimes there are two of them) who is supposed to be invisible, but who offers the actors at the right moment anything they may require. If one actor has to stab another, the 'property-man' hands him a dagger. Or if a penitent girl has to kneel at the feet of her father, then the property-man strolls up (it may be, smoking a cigarette) and throws down a cushion for her to kneel on. The odd thing is the property-man soon becomes as invisible to us as he is to a Chinese audience. Yet the convention is sufficiently strange to add every now and then a spice of irrelevant humour to the play. The action is symbolic from beginning to end. When the hero, who is gardener to His Excellency Wang Yun, is asked to move a large rock in order that it may serve as a table for his master and the family, Ping Kuei simply heaves up with a great show of strength a small table and plants it before them. When an actor is brandishing a whip it means that he is on horseback, and certain movements denote that an actor or

actress is opening or shutting a door, or going up and down a flight of steps.

The story has become in effect a fairytale that laughs at itself. The Lady Precious Stream, a favourite daughter, refuses all eligible suitors, and fixes her affections on the gardener—a young man of astonishing strength and capable of improvising a poem on the first snowfall of the year. She insists on marrying him, and for some time she has to live with him in a cave in dire poverty. After taking part in an expedition against the Tartar Kingdom in the West, he becomes the prince of those people, and after eighteen years he returns to place the faithful Precious Stream upon the throne beside him. It is pretty, it is absurd—above all, it is fresh. It is, of course, acted self-consciously (and perhaps this is a little overdone). The characters know they are quaint, and let the audience see they know it. But I think you'll like the touches which Mr. Esmé Percy and Miss Louise Hampton and the others put into their parts. At the end there is an amusing contrast between the Chinese and the Western conception of proper deportment when in love, as shown by Precious Stream on the one hand and the Princess of the Western Regions on the other.

I need hardly at this time of day inform anyone who happens to be listening, that 'St. Joan'—now to be seen once more

at the Old Vic—is a play of many and splendid merits: only a languid mind could fail, I think, to find in it intellectual excitement, only a very obstinately defended sensibility could escape being touched and disturbed by it—though I ought to add a proviso to that. ‘St. Joan’ is a religious play, and to be touched and interested by it in any appreciable degree, the spectator must have experienced some kind of religious emotion, otherwise he or she won’t feel the force of the most dramatic moments. It is a religious play, but it is also an historical one. But unfortunately the historical side of Mr. Shaw’s imagination is not its strongest side. If you asked him if he had any love of the past, I believe it would seem to him like asking if he was fond of bric-à-brac. I don’t believe he has any sentiment at all for things that are dead and done with, or curiosity about them. When he sets one of his plays in the past the first thing he does is rub off the patina of time from his subject (recall ‘Caesar and Cleopatra’). He will scrub and scrub till something like contemporary life begins to show through the strangeness of the past. He writes as though he felt he had not reached the truth about any historical character until he had presented him as a modern man in fancy dress. He is careful of facts, and in ‘St. Joan’ especially careful, and he is not as reckless as Shakespeare in introducing anachronisms—who made Cleopatra play billiards. Nevertheless ‘St. Joan’ is full of *spiritual* anachronisms. The atmosphere is not that of the Middle Ages. When, for example, Joan is told by her judges that her voices are the work of her imagination, she replies, ‘God speaks to us through our imaginations’. No idea could be more utterly foreign to the Middle Ages than that, or more typical of the modern religion of which Mr. Shaw is an exponent. Again, the interesting Earl of Warwick is really an eighteenth-century nobleman. He is not even a Renaissance character; while his clerical secretary, Stogumber, is our old friend Britannicus from ‘Caesar and Cleopatra’, and half-brother to any modern patriotic shell-making parson.

The play substitutes for historical interest another interest which is nearer most people’s minds. If you told Mr. Shaw that his Joan of Arc was a *modern* heretic, he would say that was his point. The doctrine which runs through ‘St. Joan’ is that God does not speak through tradition or organised religion, but is resident in the hearts and minds of men. What Mr. Shaw has done is to dramatise the clash between these two conceptions of inspiration. But what is the test of genuine inspiration? Organised religion says—we and our traditions: the statesman asks does this saint threaten the social order; the people, does she help us against our tyrants; the nationalist, does she, or does she not, make for victory; the indifferent, does her influence make for pleasure and peace? The Church is prepared to accept a canonised Joan once her disruptive force has spent itself or been destroyed; the statesman admits that she is far from ignoble; the soldier that she could put the right spirit into fighting men. They are ready to use her as a means to victory. *But none of them want her back.*

Joan, or rather the spirit within her, is shown in conflict with these powers and different points of view. Although the spectacle of the heresy-hunters in the trial scene is painful (the gentleness of the Inquisitor’s address adding a sinister quality to it), both the speeches of the Bishop and the Inquisitor make it clear that they are not actuated by cruelty. The Church itself is at stake in this argument. Joan must submit. The impulse of the sceptic is to shout, ‘So much the worse for the Church. If it can only preserve itself by burning a girl like Joan, then in the name of everything that’s good, let it crumble’. But both the Bishop and the Inquisitor assert that then worse barbarities and utter confusion would be let loose on the world. And that was true. Intellectually Mr. Shaw has done the Church ample justice, but to reinforce emotionally the case of Joan’s persecutors we should have to be reminded of the horrors and absurdities which hundreds of ‘inspired’ men and women were in those days perpetually sacrificing their lives to propagate. Not many years after Joan’s execution, Gilles de Rais, who appears as a minor character in Scene 2, a fine soldier under whose special protection the Maid was placed at first, was executed for attempting to get into touch with the supernatural by cutting out the hearts of innumerable children. That is what his voices told him to do.

Miss Thorndike, of course, was the first creator of the part of Joan, and perhaps her interpretation was nearest to that of the author. The angelic side of Joan was eclipsed in her acting

by the suggestion of the ardent public-spirited woman. There was very little of the visionary peasant about her Joan. Mme. Pitoeff, I remember, was far more pathetic. She was perhaps a little too much of a piteous waif in her misery, and looked too much of a darling in her armour to suggest the saint. Miss Mary Newcombe’s interpretation at the Old Vic is sure and central. She has a tendency perhaps to be a little monotonous, but she rises to the great moments. The Inquisitor, Mr. Cecil Trouncer, could not have spoken his long speech at the Trial better. His manner and delivery were perfect.

I went to see another revival of a famous play—this time at the Criterion. It was *Journey’s End*. For me it was a first visit. When all the world was flocking (for more than a year on end) to see this war play, which depicted life in the trenches, I abstained. So many people I liked, who had lost sons, husbands, brothers, had liked it, and I had a premonition I should not—that I should dislike something about it. Last week I found that I did. Although the play was vivid, serious and pathetic, it did not strike me as real enough, and a play on such a subject which draws for its strength on truth, must get closer to actualities than *Journey’s End*. Yet the types were true enough. The steady elderly Lieut. Osborne (admirably acted by Mr. Basil Gill); the officer who has been promoted from the ranks, a solid laughing fellow without a nerve in his body and no imagination, to whom dug-out life is far easier than to most; the young Captain who is only able to keep himself going, but does his work splendidly, by drinking; and the romantic young schoolboy who has just arrived at the Front. All these parts were well played, and I was moved. And yet I felt that there was something wrong with the play. I can suggest it perhaps by saying that the public school spirit was allowed to pervade the atmosphere of the dug-out. There was one psychological error too, which struck me as symptomatic. There is another character in the cast—a young lieutenant whose nerve has gone and who tries to sham illness in order to get taken out of the front line. This young man, in contrast to the others, was represented as coarse and boastful in his talk. He was made deliberately ignoble. This showed, I thought, a certain obtuseness in the dramatist. There is no connection between courage and refinement; nor are those whose nerve fails them necessarily ignoble.

The last play I went to was an entirely frivolous one—‘The Greeks Had a Word for It’. The profession of the three main characters is one which has a name in other languages. They were three cocottes. Two of whom spend their lives quarrelling, abusing and helping each other, while the third tried to patch things up between them. It is a decidedly ‘tough’ comedy, but when you have twigged that you are not meant to feel much for any of the characters—though I found it difficult at first not to do so as far as poor Polaire was concerned (Miss Hermione Baddeley’s performance was a miracle of interpretation)—you enjoy it. Polaire is continually thwarted by her friend Jean—brilliantly acted by Miss Margaret Rawlins. The central fact about Jean appears to be that she can’t enjoy getting anything for herself unless it is at the expense of Polaire, although at bottom the tie between them as members of the oldest profession in the world is stronger than anything. The play opens at a night club, where you see these two in competition first for one man and later for another. It ends with Jean, who is about to marry the millionaire father of the only youth who had made an honourable proposal to Polaire, bilking the old man on the morning of the wedding and going off to Paris with the other two. ‘Sophisticated’, ‘hard-boiled’, ‘clever’, ‘frank’, ‘witty’, ‘smart’, ‘risqué’, ‘impudent’—are the adjectives which different critics have applied to ‘The Greeks Had a Word for It’. They are all deserved. I’ll add a couple more: ‘bright and empty’—but oh! admirably acted.

For anyone who likes mountains, whether as climber, walker, or idle spectator, the obvious calendar is *Blodig’s Alpine Calendar* (English edition, Blackwell’s, 4s.). The photographs chosen by Dr. Karl Blodig (there is one for every four days) show mountains all over the world; for 1935 they come not so much from those Alps most frequented by the English, but rather from the Bavarian and Austrian Alps and Dolomites. There are several of Everest, a few from Britain, and one fine one of the Argentine Andes; as well as delightful photographs of mountain huts, peasants, shrines, churches, etc. The captions are often even more pleasant than the German author originally intended.

## Analysis of Divers Prescriptions

(Continued from page 1010)

before the States of Eastern Europe. It is too much to expect that Britons will place their fate, as Sir Norman seems to urge, entirely in the hands of others, or that they will send their sons to fight and die in every quarrel, no matter how remote, whenever the League gives the word of command. But if we are to play a worthy part and exert our fair influence in the world, we must neither shrink from our responsibilities nor promise more than we can perform. Let us be careful how we give pledges, but let

us be scrupulous to perform them. Let our policy be peaceful and respectful of the rights of others as we expect our own rights to be respected. Let us be strong with our own strength according to the measure of our greatness, and the height of our responsibilities, but let us use that strength not in selfish isolation, not for ourselves alone, but in making our contribution to the safety of the world. So shall we best serve the cause of Peace.

## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

### The Indian Rope Trick

Parked at the showman's winter quarters at Richmond Walk, Devonport, is a saloon caravan. In it lives 'Karachi' and his numerous family. He approached my father, Mr. J. Lewis, the well-known photographer, asking him whether he would like to take some good pictures, saying 'I am the only man in the world who can perform the Indian Rope Trick'. My father was astonished at this assertion, and replied: 'If you can indeed perform this wonderful trick for the camera, you should get the recognition you deserve'. An appointment was made and I arrived at the showman's ground and met Karachi. I immediately asked for the trick to be performed for my camera. Karachi fetched a rope from his caravan—it was an ordinary one used for towing purposes, and about one inch thick and between twelve and fourteen feet long. Karachi, dressed in his Eastern costume, then sat upon his mat in the centre of the road, and placing the rope in a tight coil between his knees and grasping the end, he commenced to push it aloft. Manipulating and twisting as he gradually projected it upwards, he mumbled an incantation and made passes as if to put a magic 'fluence' on it, then, grasping it with both sinuous hands, he held it up about ten feet in the air where he kept it for perhaps a minute or two while in amazement I photographed it. Karachi gave the rope a shake and it came toppling down quite limp; then he stood up and repeated this wonderful performance again while another picture was taken. By this time, a small crowd had assembled, amongst whom was a reporter—Mr. Ingle Rogers of the *World's Fair*; and a local conjuror—Mr. Goad of Devonport, both of whom witnessed it.

Karachi said that he would be pleased to give a demonstration of his son climbing the rope if a quiet place could be found, as there was risk of causing an obstruction if he staged his trick again in the road. Jumping into my car, we drove in the direction of the fringe of Dartmoor, which I considered would be an ideal place for a demonstration as there were no trees or houses from which a wire could have been attached to draw up the rope. Karachi agreed heartily with this suggestion, and when Roborough Downs were reached he chose his own spot, and together with his young son, Kyder, got out of the car and sat again on the mat holding the same rope, which I again examined and found mystifyingly satisfactory. This time Karachi, sitting cross-legged, partly concealed the rope from my view by his voluminous gown, and motioning his son to stand on the right-hand corner of the mat, got to work, manipulating and twisting the rope exactly as before. He quickly had it straight and rigid with its end in a coil on the carpet on which it stood like a cobra, and posed thus for a picture. Karachi motioned his son Kyder to climb up the rope, and when he reached the top he remained there while I took another picture, then sliding down again took up his position on his father's right. Karachi then covered the coiled end again with his gown and his hands worked out of view while he mumbled some unintelligible words and gradually brought the rope down and down until, uncovering his hands, I saw him coiling up the rope until it was compact. He then rose, handed the coil to me, and I examined it and found it normal again. Then placing it in the car we all drove back to Devonport.

Karachi was taught the Indian Rope Trick by a Gurkha soldier during the Great War. He wishes to perform the trick on

any football ground before any vast number of people, or in any public place, to raise funds for hospitals and charities, retaining only a reasonable percentage for his living. Karachi says that by repeated performances all over the country a very large sum of money could be raised. Under 'favourable circumstances' Karachi can make his son climb the rope and disappear before any number of people. Karachi, who did not attach much importance to his aptitude for the trick, nevertheless replied to the numerous challenges wherein large sums were offered for the performance of the trick but he never received any satisfactory reply. He has these challenges which were returned to him unanswered, and Karachi still wonders why.

Plymouth

REGINALD LEWIS

### A Tolstoyan Colony

Every few years, with tiresome regularity, some young journalist, scouting for bright copy, writes a supercilious account for the popular press of a particular Tolstoyan Colony. Mr. Warren's account in the issue of December 5 does not seem to give anything better than this to readers of THE LISTENER. We should expect him, as a poet, to realise that even behind meretricious 'home-crafts' and the alleged sentimental desire for the Simple Life there is an altogether deeper significance than appears on the often unsatisfactory surface. The success or failure of the few idealists who have the gumption and the godly childishness to break away from the captivity of contemporary modes of social life is not of supreme concern in the long run. It is essential that such efforts should be made, and made more frequently than they are, and that experiments should be made even in the face of sectarian protest and popular derision, and they may well prove just as valuable in their apparent failure as in their doubtful success. Finality can never be reached in these matters. But in regard to the Colony in question it may at least be claimed that some of the dreadful heresies which shocked hide-bound neighbours and relatives thirty years ago are now just the ordinarily accepted practice of most of the 'emancipated intellectuals' of today, a stratum of society to which probably Mr. Warren himself belongs.

Again, how could he expect one of the earliest settlers on that colony to admit defeat when she could see with both eyes that it is Mr. Warren who is blind and bound? She has learnt rightly to look beyond the miserable tin roofs and untidy shacks, knowing they were 'never meant so' but were inevitable in the insuperable physical circumstances which they were obliged to accept and face from the moment they broke away from the herd. She knows who has won in the refusal to 'toe the line' and it isn't the herd, and in the effort she has found her own soul. She would be inclined to doubt, I think, whether Mr. Warren has ever found his. Is he, as a poet, really satisfied with the factory boots that served him none too valiantly as he trudged through the heavy pastures of the Cotswold Hills? If so, is he, as a poet, satisfied with the conditions of the life of the folk who minded the machines to make them for him; and is he really sure that he has paid them well—or somebody else—for their splendid automatism, never suspecting for a moment that their output was destined among other things to hide the feet of C. H. Warren the poet? If he is not satisfied, what is he going to 'do' about it? Just 'write'?

There is a very definite biological urge, to say nothing of the intense spiritual hunger, at the very roots of our individual nature which refuses all suppression, which will persist until some more satisfactory solution is found than the social life that is being attempted, one might say regimented for us, in the mass today. In the meanwhile it would be a very worth-while contribution to the problem of social reorganisation if one of our youngest and keenest psychologists and sociologists would set himself the task of making a complete and exhaustive study of this particular colony, in its beginnings and on through its unforeseen developments, with a thorough analysis of cause and effect. It requires good craftsmanship, considerable patience (which includes sympathy where impartiality is not possible), and that special gift of the prospector who is able infallibly to sift the dross and reveal the wealth hidden within it.

Diss

P. S. BEALES

### For and Against Modern Architecture

I think everyone should thank Sir Reginald Blomfield for his sane criticism of the new in architecture which is ugly. It was high time for someone to point out that the new is not necessarily better than the old only because it is new. It is noticed that the champion of modernism, Mr. A. D. Connell, entirely failed to meet Sir Reginald's criticism of the inconvenience of certain features pointed out by him and of 'the grotesque figures on the facades of modernist buildings . . . not pleasant to look at . . . irrelevant to the design and construction of the building'. The layman is justified in believing he did not reply because he could not. When the public see examples of convenient and pleasant-looking houses, they will readily copy them, and the builders will readily adopt any style which is cheap as well as attractive to the buyer. Only a very few will adopt new styles simply because they are new.

The buildings illustrated in the pictures accompanying the discussion look neither convenient, beautiful, light nor airy. In searching for ideas in the popular home-building magazines before having a new home built for myself recently, I saw many examples of horribly inconvenient buildings recommended, which appeared to have resulted from straining after the new. I am very glad I had nothing to do with them. Some of the examples of new furniture recommended, too, were both hideous and uncomfortable.

Eastbourne

K. F. WILLIAMSON

It is of interest that some people find difficulty in checking prejudice, but it does not tend to clarify matters when it causes one person to attribute the figments of his own imagination to another. Mr. Rice states that I am an engineer by my own admission. Why, I do not know. Nor do I know why—if I had stated that I was an engineer—it should be a damaging admission. Building, after all, is but one of man's many activities. Mr. Rice seems to forget that the English landscape was evolved through man's agency, and that its present sadly disfigured state has been brought about by an expression of nineteenth-century mentality translated to architectural form: a mental attitude from which Mr. Rice seemingly has not been able to free himself. It might help Mr. Rice if he were to know that *ingegnere* is the term applied to Italian architects. Because of this does he suggest that Italian *ingegnere* are insensible to what he calls effective proportion in architecture?

London, S.W.1

A. D. CONNELL

On page 971 of THE LISTENER of December 12 there are some interesting photographs of a model for circular flats in reinforced concrete. No doubt this design, which appears to resemble one of those illustrated in the Liverpool housing scheme pamphlet (see page 762 of THE LISTENER of November 7), is admirable of its kind; but are such buildings really desirable? Sir Raymond Unwin, as you point out, thinks that they are a mistake, 'that we are on the wrong track in trying to increase the density of the population in the centre'.

The objections to the continental practice of building huge blocks of working-class flats are in fact an important part of the whole case against the use of structural steel work in domestic architecture. This case was concisely stated in a letter to the *National Review* from the chairman of one of those town-planning committees from the lack of whose co-ordinating influence, as you also point out, the cottage system has suffered in the past, but need suffer no longer:

In towns we do not aim at getting the largest possible population into the smallest possible area; and in the country we think that

buildings should be, as far as practicable, in harmony with their natural surroundings.

Now the main advantage of steel-framed construction in towns is that it enables the houses to be carried to a much greater height. In other words, when you have already got a very large number of people to the acre on the old system you can, by the new method, put an even greater population on the top of them.

For small houses, or cottages, in the country, steel has no advantages. Its disadvantages are that it would destroy local industries such as quarrying, brickmaking, and carpentry; and that its effect on the landscape, as compared with brick or stone, is very disagreeable.

It would be interesting to know whether these opinions can be reconciled with the Architectural Association's 'true principles and theories of modern architecture'. At present there are too many reasons to suppose that the advocates of a mechanised style of house-building are considering the question from a narrow æsthetic position, rather than from an economic and social point of view.

Ashford

P. A. RICE

### 'Meek' or 'Debonair'?

Away with 'meek' by all means, but there seems to be a more convincing alternative than *débonnaire*, with all respect to the Huguenots and Dr. Sheppard. The use of that word strengthens the impression that the Reformation failed in France partly because the vernacular of that country was not really suited for liturgical purposes. It seems to lack the gravity of English and German. I am ignorant of Syriac, but have been assured that the Syriac equivalent of the Greek *παῖος* means 'restful'. This seems to suggest the quality of poise, the power to avoid being 'rattled' by danger or calamity, which meets the case much better than *débonnaire*. The word 'restful' is particularly appropriate as a variant for 'meek' in the passage: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am *restful* and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls'. But I do not see how you can get either 'restful' or *débonnaire* out of the Greek *παῖος*. Syriac, however, brings us nearer to the original utterance.

Woolbeding Rectory

T. B. A. SAUNDERS

Your contribution under this heading was based on the mistaken idea that the meaning of the English word 'debonair' is the same as that of the French word *débonnaire* from which it is derived. The French dictionary *Petit Larousse* gives as the only meaning of *débonnaire*—'*doux jusqu'à la faiblesse*'. The *Imperial Dictionary* gives 'debonair'—'characterised by courtesy, affability or gentleness; elegant, well-bred; winning, accomplished'.

Edenbridge

CONSTANCE GARNETT

### The Public and the Censor

'If you are [the Censor], the best you can do is, when in doubt let a film through . . .' are almost the final words in Mr. Alistair Cooke's talk. I was brought up, in regard to washing—oneself and one's clothes—on the principle 'If in doubt—dirty'.

How about this axiom for the Censor?

Ditchling

GERARD S. MEYNELL

### Social Credit

The outstanding talks in the 'Poverty in Plenty' and 'Causes of War' series have been those by Mr. Orage and Major Douglas respectively. The Social Credit proposals, alone among the remedies put forward, seem to bear the stamp of accurate analysis and logical reasoning from sound premises. The B.B.C. is to be sincerely thanked for having made the nation aware of the Douglas proposals; and it is to be hoped that further opportunity will be given—either by means of a series of talks, or debates—to clarify points, and thoroughly to probe the scheme, which holds out hope that man is capable of solving the problem of the distribution of plenty.

Southampton

H. A. CARRÉ

[We have received a large number of letters in similar vein, praising Major Douglas' talk—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

### Poverty in Plenty

Does Professor Robbins seriously think that if all the productive machinery at present in the world were to work to its maximum output, we should suffer from scarcity? When Professor Robbins goes on to say that 'absolutely, the maximum utilisation of the world's productive equipment would still leave us, on the average, very badly off', does he really confess to omitting the

exceedingly simple fact that productive equipment can produce productive equipment, not in years, or months, but hours? He is right enough when he says that money is the cause of the evil, but he urbanely appears to accept the limited circulation and excessive profiteering of money by the banks as being perfectly justifiable, whereas only the correctly controlled creation and efficient, unprejudicial distribution of money can solve the problem: in fact, the existence of a National Dividend. There are no unemployment, production, or consumption problems; these are the results of the problem of the distribution of money—a mere mechanical difficulty, or, perhaps I should say, psychological.

Chiswick

R. S. LONG

The impression created by Professor Robbins in the 'Poverty in Plenty' series is the denial of the possibility of a rapid and continual expansion of the means of production. If in order to prove by 'the best statistics' (the source of which would be interesting) that the age of scarcity is not past he finds it expedient to average the 'maximum productive equipment' over the whole world, it is equally important to point out that the major proportion of the world's population live under conditions to which the resources of modern industrial and agricultural knowledge have been applied very slightly or not at all. The economic advantage of the Englishman over the Chinese ought, under normal conditions, to be relative to the general application of technical knowledge to their respective countries. The obstacle to this is the money system which precludes the employment of Englishmen for the enrichment of England and applies the inflation brake to the employment of productive equipment.

What, one asks, were the governmental restrictions on trade that tied pre-War Britain to a miserable standard of living far lower than the level of technical efficiency justified? Have not State interventions been made necessary by the failure of private enterprise to pay its debt to the nation? The power of Capitalism is that of the possessor in a community of dispossessed and private enterprise, which is now commonly absentee ownership of business run by salaried staffs, must either accept declining power (again relative) in a world of increasing general wealth or be superseded.

Blackburn

V. RYAN

### British Agriculture

The Minister of Agriculture makes these statements in THE LISTENER of December 5: (1) 'There is a very real danger that if low prices are allowed to bankrupt farmers, there might be no farmers left and then there would be a shortage of food and high prices instead of a glut'; and (2) 'regulated marketing may be threatened by an unregulated flood of foodstuffs from overseas knocking prices down to impossible levels'.

I find that statement (2), which is correct, removes the danger of statement (1), which is illusory. The fact that such immense supplies of foreign grain are forthcoming quite invalidates the argument that bankrupted English farmers would mean high food prices. Mr. Elliot continues that imports regulated by government intervention would bring prices to a 'reasonable' level. There is only one 'reasonable' level for half starved men and women and that is the lowest possible. The total number of agricultural employees is stressed to the exclusion of the unemployed (twice as numerous), let alone the multitude of employed poor. For all these Mr. Elliot's policy means more acute starvation. Can it be the right one?

R. L. WORKMAN

### Causes of War

Can Mr. Addison give one example where a country has been saved from war by heavy armaments? The suggestion that the only way to avoid war is for the British Empire to be so well-armed 'that no other country will run the risk of attacking us' is touching in its naivety. It is precisely this aim of all the Great Powers that leads to a race in armaments which can result only in war (as it did in 1914) with the consequent destruction of civilisation.

It is particularly gratifying to know that the Deity is especially interested in the welfare of our own nation and Empire; presumably Mr. Addison has more up-to-date news on this matter than that contained in the New Testament. The betrayal

of our children will be to put our trust in armaments rather than to seek an international method of maintaining peace through the League of Nations. Scientific improvement in arms has increased the mortality rate in war, from one in twenty to one in five, in twenty-eight years. Yet Mr. Addison seriously suggests that there is a fitting parallel between accidental deaths caused by motor traffic and the deliberate carnage wrought by bombing aeroplanes, tanks, gases, and all the paraphernalia of modern warfare. Really, Mr. Addison!

Manchester

E. H. PEARSON

Without wishing to range myself on the side of Mr. Churchill, I cannot but express surprise at Mr. Rolf Gardiner's letter. 'The German people remain unembittered . . . The majority of Germans still hope that England will come to her senses'. Was ever a case of the pot calling the kettle black? We see the modest ideals for which we stand bludgeoned out of existence; we are filled with a deep revulsion at acts and words which range from the imbecile to the dangerous; many of us who were working for better understanding are filled with a despairing disillusionment. Let us start at the beginning and try again—meantime, Mr. Gardiner is 'unembittered' and I, not to hurt the feelings of my German friends, sign a pseudonym.

Cambridge

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE

### Care of the Mentally Unfit

The suggestion made by your correspondent that members of the Christian Churches should unite in an effort to care for the mentally afflicted is most practical. The Rev. John Maillard, who has been appointed by the Bishop of Chichester, will begin this work at St. Stephen's Church, Brighton, in the New Year. On being asked why he did not join the Christian Scientists, he replied that the Gospel of healing rightly belongs, and should be restored, to the scope of the Church. It is interesting to recall that the founder of the Christian Science organisation would not have formed another body had the Church then been willing to embrace the idea of spiritual healing. That the Church of England should, at long last, take up this most necessary work is most welcome, for it will be an effective check to the sad tendency of an organisation to defeat its own object.

London, N.W.11

FRANCIS J. WHITE

I feel that I must confirm the unfavourable opinion of your correspondent W. J. Farmer, after his visit to three mental hospitals. I speak from first-hand knowledge, having spent eighteen months in a very large and well-known private mental hospital as a voluntary boarder during a temporary breakdown. I talked to many patients who had been in other hospitals of this type and I gathered that conditions are much the same in most of them.

To a casual observer little might appear to be wrong, but beneath the surface there was much needless suffering; and very little curative work of any kind was done, except by the chaplain. Incidents occurred again and again which would not be tolerated for a moment in any other branch of the medical profession. Patients were habitually neglected, sometimes bullied and occasionally treated with downright cruelty. Complaints were generally useless unless one was well enough to be very forceful indeed, and few patients in a mental hospital are that. The blame lies chiefly with the doctors and matrons. The nurses naturally take their cue from those over them. I do not think that most of these people are intentionally cruel, but they are indifferent, unsympathetic and lacking in understanding. And of all sick people the mentally unsound are the most helpless and the most lonely. I think that there are four main factors in the unsatisfactory state of mental hospitals: (1) Religion is, I am convinced, the one thing that can give stability to any life, and yet only too often the work of the chaplain is hampered by lack of co-operation on the part of the staff. (2) The work of a doctor in a mental hospital is very much what he makes it. It can be a very soft job and consequently this work is sometimes taken up by men who are physically unfit for other branches of the medical profession, but who are not suited by outlook or temperament for this difficult and delicate branch of their calling. (3) The ignorant and prejudiced attitude of the public about mental illness hinders reform. (4) The lack of women doctors (they must be of the right type, of course) for the women's wards is a matter needing attention.

Bristol

ONE WHO HAS SEEN

*Books and Authors**'Early Victorian'*

Early Victorian England, 1830-1865. Edited by G. M. Young  
Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 42s. Illustrated

LONG BEFORE THE END of Victoria's reign the epithet 'Early Victorian' had been coined, with a contemptuous signification. What was it that annoyed the men of the 'eighties and 'nineties when made to look back upon their parents' golden age? That had been an age of astounding energy and achievement, an age of solid prosperity wrested out of crisis, an age of self-confidence and national prestige. Whereas a generation later, after the Great Economic Depression of the 'seventies, a check had been given to abounding prosperity, disillusionment and social discontent had set in, and men were doubtful about the foundations of their beliefs and the framework of the society they lived in. Today the epithet 'Early Victorian' has been swallowed up in the epithet 'Victorian', and both are ceasing to be used in any derogatory sense; we reserve our contempt for the Age of Muddle that preceded and succeeded the Great War. But if 'Early Victorian' be revived as a label, it must be taken as describing that period when Britain first came into enjoyment of the fruits of her 'industrial revolution'—an enjoyment which made her materialistic, luxurious, and complacent (sometimes to the extent of hypocrisy). Yet it is possible, allowing for these faults, to make out a good case for arguing that never was Britain more fortunate, contented, and influential than between 1846 and 1865. Both sides of the paradox are revealed in the elaborate survey presented by the seventeen writers whom the Oxford University Press has brought together to contribute to these two stout volumes. The chief attraction of what they write lies in the diversity of the material they have to deal with. In some respects Early Victorian England was so like England today—in others utterly the opposite. With the coming of railways, a sense of speed and bustle had entered the world. Towns were for the first time becoming more important in the life of the community than the countryside. A large middle class living a life of solid comfort had made its appearance. Politics had assumed the conventions of democracy, and was settling down into party conflict over principles about which we still argue. Thus, in Early Victorian England we can see at once many landmarks which have survived into our own time. On the other hand, we can see also appalling evidences of barbarism and ignorance—mostly 'hang-overs' from the previous century—which have since practically disappeared. Professor Clapham and Mr. Mottram in their chapters on Town Life remind us of the unpleasant degree to which health and real comfort lagged behind prosperity during the late 'forties and 'fifties. The mediæval town, dropsically swollen by industrialism, was near the end of its natural fitness for human habitation. Mansions flooded by their own cesspools, water companies drawing supplies from polluted rivers, and local authorities impotent in the face of epidemics—are all, in their own way, signs of the breakdown, reflected in the endless sore throats, fevers and petty ailments which teased even the rich. The modern town, sterilised and tolerably healthy even for children, had not yet emerged. And many other social problems were in this state of discovery rather than solution. It was the age of the great Blue Books, government reports uncovering industrial and social evils. The first half of the period was also one of legislative activity; but in the second half the impulse dwindled into a lethargy which was partly responsible for the later disparagement of the whole. After 1850, Free Trade and railways had made the middle classes too prosperous for them to allow radicalism to make rapid strides. Valuable time was lost in Palmerstonian stagnation, and when overdue social reform was begun again in Gladstone's and Disraeli's time, it had to compete with the needs which arose out of the revival of the war spirit in Europe and of Imperialism overseas. But Early Victorian England could not claim that it was seriously hindered or distracted by foreign politics. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny do not much figure in these volumes; even the suppression of the slave trade, described in the chapter by Mr. Douglas Woodruff, was but the working out of an idea formulated by a previous generation; while the Empire was chiefly of interest to the British citizen as a receptacle for emigrants.

The highlights in the picture presented in these two volumes are chiefly to be found in the chapters touching town life, the Press, art and architecture. This was certainly the Golden Age of the newspaper, as Mr. E. E. Kellett shows us in his account of the rush of journalistic enterprise which accompanied the

removal of 'the taxes upon knowledge'. For the first time in our history publicity became an important force in social welfare. It was no accident that the age of the great editors (such as Barnes) was also the age of the first publicist (Samuel Smiles), and of the first Great Exhibitions. The latter sum up the achievements of the period as well as showing its limitations. The numerous examples of furniture and craftsmanship which are reproduced from the Catalogue of the 1851 Exhibition remind us how steep was the æsthetic decline for which the triumph of industrialism was responsible. The taste of the public in art was as low as its patronage was insufficient. 'The British public, as Lady Eastlake wrote as late as 1863, "had scarcely advanced beyond the lowest step of the æsthetic ladder, the estimate of a subject"'. Intellectual and moral elements in art were regarded as far more important than sensory and æsthetic. The only sensory feature of art which English taste encouraged at the time was colour, which was held to distinguish painting from the newly-discovered 'art' of photography. It is amusing to read in Mr. Oppé's chapter of the controversies and enthusiasms aroused by the entry of the Pre-Raphaelites into the annual shows at the Academy. More illuminating still, however, because more novel, is Professor Richardson's exposition of the architecture of the period. Since no one can go about London, or any of our towns, without running up against the masterpieces of Victorian Gothic, it is interesting to have this revival, 'one of the strangest episodes in the history of art', explained. 'Considering the mechanical progress of the time', says Professor Richardson, 'the reversion to pseudo-mediævalism is all the more striking'. It was certainly responsible for leaving us an appalling legacy of mediocre public and private edifices. But it also re-established church building, 'partly revived the creative interest in the crafts, and led surely to the greater perception of the meaning of structure which is now common to Europe, and is so well understood in Sweden'.

The Gothic revival in architecture was a direct consequence of the underlying influence of religion during the period. No separate chapter of *Early Victorian England* is devoted to the subject of Religion, yet its influence pervades the whole book. As Mr. G. M. Young remarks in his concluding 'Portrait of an Age', 'the Evangelical discipline, secularised as respectability, was the strongest binding force in a nation which without it might have been broken up, as it had already broken loose'. He finds a parallel between Evangelicalism and Utilitarianism which cannot be ignored in interpreting the relation between the spiritual and material aspects of the age. 'The Evangelical and Utilitarian movements both rested on a body of doctrine which to question was impious or irrational; in both cases the doctrine was the reflection of an exceptional experience, the religious experience of a nation undergoing a moral revival, its social experience during a revolution in the methods of production; and in both cases a larger view was certain to show that neither was a more than provisional synthesis. In the meantime, they furnished England with a code and a great company of interpreters'. In the combination of the virtues of reason and holiness which these two forces propagated lies the secret of that provoking inconsistency which distinguishes the Early Victorian Englishman's character. We today no longer share either his holiness or his faith in reason. But if we cannot quite understand the Early Victorian, neither can we indubitably boast ourselves the better men.

R. S. L.

*Carol*

There was a Boy bedded in bracken  
Like to a sleeping snake all curled he lay  
On his thin navel turned this spinning sphere  
Each feeble finger fetched seven suns away  
He was not dropped in good-for-lambing weather  
He took no suck when shook buds sing together  
But he is come in cold-as-workhouse weather  
Poor as a Salford child.

JOHN SHORT

## The Listener's Book Chronicle

### Aseff: The Russian Judas

By Boris Nicolaievsky. Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY have never been able to grasp either the fact of the *agent provocateur* or the system of organised terrorism which he exists to combat. Hence, to a people accustomed to the mock hostilities of political warfare here, the bombs and dynamite, the betrayal and counter-betrayal of the intricate system of terrorism exhibited in this book, appear as a fantastic continental pantomime. Occasionally an instance of 'direct action', like the recent Marseilles assassination, provokes a momentary wave of shocked disgust; but usually such things are dismissed with badly disguised wonder that anyone can take politics so seriously as to kill and be killed for them.

Aseff was the son of a poor Jewish tailor in Rostov, an early dabbler in revolutionary student activities. He absconded to Germany on the proceeds of the sale of butter for which he had an agency. In Germany, he again mingled with revolutionary students, and in 1893 volunteered to keep the Russian police informed of the activities of the Karlsruhe group of revolutionaries for the 'delightfully low' price of fifty roubles a month. So, out of an inherent greed for easy money, began his career as police-spy that continued unbroken for fifteen years, with rewards that mounted steadily until they reached the figure of 50,000 roubles a year, with 'special bonuses at Easter and Christmas'. He steadily built up to a dominating position in the Social Revolutionary Party until he became the undisputed head of its 'battle organisation', or terrorist group, and he successfully engineered the assassination of Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergei, the Czar's uncle. Neither police nor revolutionaries could withstand the tactics of the double-traitor; judged by the standards of both, he was an invaluable agent, and well worth the money he took from both sides. His end was no less extraordinary than his beginnings. Denounced at last, in 1909, he disappeared from politics, and emerged in Berlin as a successful stockbroker, where he died in 1918.

The collection of the facts provides almost as extraordinary a story as Aseff's own. Burtseff, an historian and a revolutionary, spent years in tracing the mysterious traitor at the heart of the Social Revolutionary Party, and finally produced enough evidence to convince Aseff's fellow-terrorists of his duplicity. Since then, Nicolaievsky has patiently gathered, from the archives of the Secret Police, from individual officials and revolutionaries, the facts that at last make complete this most intricate pattern of treachery and intrigue. The story is collated for the first time in this book, which, in this admirable translation from the Russian by George Reavey, is at once an unequalled thriller for the general reader and a document of absorbing interest for the student of pre-revolutionary Russia. There are sixteen photographs, of which one—showing Aseff bathing with his mysterious associate Madame N—strikes the exact note of grim humour that is never long absent from this macabre story.

### In Search of Mozart. By Henri Ghéon Sheed and Ward. 15s.

It is the fate of a great genius to be as much misunderstood after his death as, during his life. The accumulated prestige of a hundred-years-old master is due to the testimony of the small number of persons born in each generation sufficiently gifted to be able to appreciate him at somewhere near his proper value. But this does not mean that in any one generation, even the tenth after his death, those who have a proper appreciation are any more numerous in proportion to the others than was the case during the artist's lifetime. Mozart is one of the most famous names in music, yet one has only to go among musicians to discover how few understand his greatness or can perform his music any better than the majority of his contemporaries who preferred other, now forgotten, composers. A proof that this is so is M. Ghéon's book. It is clear that M. Ghéon has found a great discrepancy between his own experience of Mozart's music and that of the world around him. Of course Mozart is now part of Europe's traditional musical culture, and so abundant lip-service is paid to him; but a genuine personal experience, that is another matter, and M. Ghéon has been so moved that he has had to write a book to express his astonishment. He refers to the question Mozart as a child used to address to people, 'Do you love me?' and M. Ghéon replies:

Yes, Wolfgang Amadeus! As much as ever I can. More than any master in any art. More than Vermeer of Delft, more than Racine, more than Shakespeare, more than Fra Angelico. More than all human genius, more than all human perfection. I may as well admit it; I am confessing to a passion. The book that I am devoting to you is without excuse, for it has only one: love.

Much must be forgiven to the man who wrote those words, and much needs to be forgiven him, for when we read this book we discover that M. Ghéon is far indeed from a full appreciation of the true greatness of his subject. He often adopts an almost apologetic tone, as if to excuse himself for feeling so passionately about a man whom he suspects the world to consider of minor size compared with the giants of art. The fact is that M. Ghéon's musical perception is naturally better than he gives himself credit for, but as he is not a musician he has not got the musician's understanding to support his natural instinct. He admits to not loving the music of Wagner, but to him Wagner is 'inhuman and gigantic', and he is always using the completely inappropriate word 'child' for Mozart. Now, whatever Wagner and Mozart measured respectively in feet and inches, as musicians it is Mozart who is the giant and Wagner the child. The greatest musician is not he who makes the most noise and uses the largest number of notes, but he who has the finest conceptions and materialises them completely in music.

But we are to be grateful to M. Ghéon for the true picture he draws—quoting from Mozart's letters—of the unrewarded struggles of this great man who achieved his work in spite of lack of appreciation, constant want of money and persistent neglect. Let us never forget that Mozart as soon as dead was thrown into a pauper's grave and that the place where he lies buried is unknown. Let us also not forget that most of those who pay him lip-service now are of the same sort as the contemporaries who ignored his merits. Neither better nor worse. The true greatness of Mozart is still known only to the few. The larger world that pays homage to names would, were it honest, admit that seeking for a reason to justify Mozart's fame it cannot find one. Wagner! ah, that is another matter! Everybody can appreciate Wagner, he is no more inaccessible than a cup-final. But Mozart! Even M. Ghéon with all his love has not done justice to Mozart.

### Cambridge Shorter History of India

Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

India is as large and populous as Europe, with even more manifold nations, subdivided yet further by a cellular structure of society, and we know even less of how it all came about. The caste system may have originated partly in colour differences, successive waves of fair-skinned invaders despising the dusky races they displaced. But even the fact of those migrations is largely surmise, for ancient Indian literature, though as old as European, is exclusively religious, and Hinduism lacks an historic sense. Here and there an inscription, some old coin, the occasional account of a Greek ambassador or Chinese pilgrim, lifts the veil, and it is in one of these glimpses that we see there was a great empire and a noble civilisation under Asoka, 272-32 B.C., the royal saint who established Buddhism far and wide. But it is not till the Muhammadan irruption in the twelfth century that we find a continuous record, and then what a record it is! They seem to have been unable to think of anything but battle, murder and sudden death, those early Muhammadan chroniclers, and though we know that even in that grisly age there were innumerable decent little people living decent little lives, it is only indirectly that we know it. The later Muhammadans had a lovelier side, and it was one of them, Akbar, 1556-1605, who unified India once again after an interval of seventeen centuries, even though what he bequeathed to his successors was less an empire than an overlordship. It contained few permanent elements, and it was in a state of collapse long before the English introduced, probably for the first time in Indian history, stable conditions and the reign of law. What that unification means will be understood by those who dream of a Europe united under one centre which left each nation its separate government but eliminated all customs barriers and separate armies: it sounds too good to be true—but it is true of India.

Even of our own familiar Europe a one-volume history would be unreadable unless it omitted masses of material and concentrated artistically on the high lights. And this book

does neither; it covers ground which strained the capacity of even the monumental six-volume Cambridge History of India; nor is it a mere precis, for though two of its three authors were prominent among the forty who contributed to the larger work, they often depart from its views. Mr. J. Allan writes the early Hindu and Buddhist period, Sir Wolsley Haig the middle or Muhammadan period, Professor Dodwell the British; print and paper are worthy of the great University that sponsors the work, and the scholarship is unassailable. Yet it is difficult to place the book. For whom is it intended? The scholar must still refer to the larger work, and few general readers will face these 970 packed pages, for the advance in knowledge over the late Vincent Smith appeals only to the specialist, and his one-volume history has the advantage of unrivalled illustrations, whereas this has none. There is one portion, however, and it is nearly half the book, which will repay any reader: the British period. Here Professor Dodwell is on his own chosen field; he takes us down to 1919; he has something to say, and he says it trenchantly.

**Below London Bridge.** By H. M. Tomlinson, with 36 Photographs by H. C. Tomlinson. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

Kurt Weill's fantastic opera, 'Die Dreigroschenoper', introduced us to a strange London, the East End of the 'nineties immersed in a romanticised squalor and in that fog which the foreigner immediately associates with our city. This attractive picture owed its effect to many exaggerations and inaccuracies; so it is pleasant to be reminded that the present-day reality of the Port of London is in many ways just as strange and fascinating. Many writers, including Dickens and Conrad, have found in this district magnificent material for their pens; among them is H. M. Tomlinson, author of *London River*, *Tidemarks* and other books dealing with the docklands. Now he has written *Below London Bridge*, inspired by a number of vivid photographs taken recently by his son, H. C. Tomlinson. The text of the book is short, but Mr. Tomlinson's very personal style sometimes makes it a little difficult to follow. The book consists of a loosely-strung series of anecdotes and descriptive sketches, interrupted by meditations on the average Londoner's lack of interest in and knowledge of those docks without which London could not exist, on the immensity of the organisation of the Port of London Authority, on Lloyd's. The author seems to be a little nostalgic about past glories (one of his stories tells of finding, during an afternoon's aimless exploration, the *Cutty Sark*, aged and come down in the world, moored to a deserted wharf), and cannot regard the enormous size of the shipping in the new George V Dock at Silvertown with a quite sympathetic eye, though he does so with wonder and admiring resignation.

This is probably the first book dealing with the lower Thames as a documentary film might deal with the subject. Mr. Tomlinson has known the docks all his life and his strong affection for them is evidently shared by his son, so there could be few better qualified to have written and illustrated it. One hopes that it will inspire Londoners to explore that part of their city which to the residents of Mayfair must seem more distant than China. One of the book's few faults is that the paper on which the photographs are reproduced has been badly chosen; and one wonders why the cover should remind one of a medical text-book.

**The White Hare, and Other Poems**  
By Lilian Bowes Lyon. Cape. 5s.

This book consists of a collection of poems written during the last two years, with a few added which show the earlier experiments of the author towards the development of her technique. That technique is a valuable one. It enables this quickly nervous artist to break through the impediment of words, and to communicate so swiftly with her reader that the effect is startling. One has the experience of almost too poignant a contact, as in reading the poems of Emily Dickinson. Here is an example.

I saw the twig lift again, light-embowered,  
And the bird fitting to the wood  
With a breast cool as though a cowslip flowered;  
They had done the Year good.

Those last two lines are very reminiscent of the artful artlessness of Emily Dickinson; the touch of exquisite sensibility followed by a line seemingly trite, but really half humorous-wistful. Such an ending is almost a device of music, a premature climax on a stopped harmony. The critic could quote from every poem in this book, giving examples of the author's fine

recklessness in the handling of image and epithet. This indeed is at present her chief delight and strength.

Sheep, under a wall shagged with snow,  
Hard-breathing huddle; soon kiss-carrion crow  
Shall harvest their flesh piece-meal. . . .

There is a physical passage, packed with these audacities of sensuous phrase which are the first concern of every true poet. But later, the artist should become dissatisfied with what might be called this *carnal* conquest, and turn inward to the deeper problems of rhythm, and the mastery of the poetic paragraph, those more elusive and unremunerative elements in the making of a poem. At present Miss Bowes Lyon tends to a monorhythmic habit, that holds her no matter what metre or stanza form she uses. She might be advised to let her mind and senses dwell on that problem, for her magic phrase is now strong enough to look after itself.

**Reminiscences of Tolstoy, Chekhov and Andreev**  
By Maxim Gorky. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.  
**Count Leo Tolstoy.** By Dr. E. J. Dillon  
Hutchinson. 18s.

While Gorky was staying with Leo Tolstoy at Gaspra in the Crimea, where the fragmentary notes which constitute the *Reminiscences* were written, he was given Tolstoy's diary to read, and was struck by a strange aphorism: 'God is my desire'. When Gorky returned the book, he asked Tolstoy what this phrase meant, and he received a characteristic answer. 'An unfinished thought', said Tolstoy, glancing at the page and screwing up his eyes. 'I must have wanted to say: "God is my desire to know Him!" . . . No, not that . . . and he began to laugh, and rolling up the book into a tube, he put it into the pocket of his blouse. Small wonder that Gorky says 'With God, he has very suspicious relations'. When we are told that the thought which beyond all others most often and conspicuously gnaws at him is the thought of God, we can feel, through Gorky's presentation, that what is really gnawing at the rich and barbarous old Puritan is the terrible metaphor of the camel and the needle's eye. One feels that this was the source of that fear which drove him, the feudal patriarch, to declare to Gorky: 'I am more of a mouzhik than you, and I feel better in a mouzhik way'. It was this which compelled him to enact the pitiful farce of sweeping out his own room, wearing the clothes of peasants and trying to imitate their gestures as he mended his own boots, hoping by masquerade to capture the grandeur of the poor, under the impression that that grandeur lay in their humility. This great genius, whose sentimental anarchy passed for mysticism, could never realise, apparently, that if the poor ever do achieve grandeur, it is only by their ceaseless fight against misery, sickness, pain, and repression, by their struggle to alleviate their poverty. They have not the time to reflect on the ethics of their struggle (if it has ethics); all they know is that they must fight. The humble poor, the passive poor have no more grandeur than oxen.

As Masaryk has remarked, 'Tolstoy's house was a sort of religious and ethical parliament', swarming with a lot of sickly and hypocritical loafers, with perspiring hands and lying eyes, moaning and kissing one another. These disciples were content to isolate themselves from the world and from the necessity of making a living. They spent their time in hypocritically applauding the Master's least gesture, in ostentatiously taking notes of his most platitudinous statements. Tolstoy realised, of course, that they were shams, these disciples of his, but they pleased his vanity.

Gorky's brief notes on Chekhov and Andreev do not tell us much. Through Gorky's sympathetic impressions, Chekhov still remains the most sensitive, most intelligent representative of the *Vosmidesyatniki*, the writers of the 'eighties, those sad and flabby-handed reactionaries of a transitional period, whom Shchedrin defines as 'boiled souls'. Gorky is much kinder to Andreev than one would expect, in view of the fact that Andreev spent most of his literary career in sounding tocsins of madness and horror, as exasperating as an alarm-clock which keeps going off at the wrong hour of the morning.

But the impressions of these two frail figures are completely overshadowed by the gigantic genius who wrote *War and Peace* and who turned out to be the sly and rather stupid old bore which both Gorky and Dr. Dillon unwittingly show him to be. For Dr. Dillon's respectable volume really adds nothing to Tolstoy's honour or dignity. The greater part of his book is taken up with a long-winded account of Tolstoy's repudiation of certain

hunger-articles translated by Dr. Dillon and published in the *Daily Telegraph*. The whole affair shows Tolstoy in a very bad light, though Dr. Dillon, for all that he was the chief sufferer, finds many excuses for Tolstoy's conduct. The book is written in an exasperating style, of which this is a typical example: 'Of one great and lasting influence for good, Count Tolstoy was bereft from the outset: he never knew that earliest and purest love which goes out towards the heart whereon we reposed first and longest and which shielded us with what a poet terms the first heart-foliage against chilly nights and sultry days'.

**The Economics of Business Life. By Sir Henry Penon. Cambridge University Press. 5s.**

In an earlier work, *The Economics of Everyday Life*, published in part just before and in part just after the War, Sir Henry Penon essayed the task of explaining in simple terms the economic background of life as interpreted by the English classical economists from Adam Smith to Marshall. His exposition proved deservedly popular, especially in the upper forms of secondary schools. For in 1920 most business men and many economists looked forward confidently to a return to the *status quo ante*; 'back to normalcy' was, it will be remembered, the slogan of President Harding's candidature. But since 1920 the economic situation the world over has changed completely. The League of Nations still survives at Geneva, but the Wealth of Nations, as Adam Smith conceived it, has paradoxically been trodden under foot. Everywhere the ideas of limitation of markets, of restriction of output and of the artificial raising of prices are rampant.

How, one must ask, does Sir Henry in this rather more advanced text-book, intended for the business man, react to the situation created by the rise on the one hand of economic nationalism, and on the other by the emergence of ideas of deliberate planning and the regulation of production and marketing? His response, one must confess, is so negative as to reveal little of novelty in his viewpoint now, compared with his viewpoint fourteen years ago. Possibly he regards some of these ideas as so much 'Ideas of Unreason' that he refuses to make even a regulative use of them! But the reader who wants to understand how in the light of modern economic developments businesses are organised in the world today, is likely to be misled by the omission. It is no use Sir Henry admitting (as he does on page 24) that there is an economic problem to be solved, and that two solutions, 'the individualistic and the socialistic' be-

tween which 'there is a wide gulph', have been suggested, and then proceeding to dismiss as 'out of place in the present work any comparison of their respective merits'. The reader is entitled to be informed how and why businesses within an industry become integrated and how and why in all modern states some industries are subjected to a greater or less degree of public control. In short, the author has only very partially realised his aim of presenting (in Part I) an economic background for his picture of business life because he has apparently chosen to turn a blind eye to tendencies which, whether one labels them socialistic or not, are an essential part of the fabric of the modern community. The result is the omission (in Part II) of many features, typical of joint-stock enterprise and of banking at the present time, without which the structure of the modern world of business cannot be properly understood.

**Mr. Pewter. By A. P. Herbert. Methuen. 5s.**

These dialogues introduced Mr. Pewter to the listener in a series of weekly programmes broadcast in the spring. So far as radio was concerned, he represented an experiment in form, and popular enough he proved as that. The idea of discussing topicalities in dialogue rather than in monologue, of course, is a good one. Dramatisation, of whatever order, undoubtedly tends to awaken the listener's interest. It suggests to him an informality which is not so much out to 'educate' him as to amuse him. And naturally enough, the listener prefers amusement to education. When the dialogue is of the 'Pewter' order, indeed, it can amuse him and educate him at the same time. Mr. Pewter's family belongs to that order of mortals often referred to—like Sterne's donkey—as opinionated. They maintain it the duty of every voting man and woman to think for themselves. They represent, in fact, the heart and soul of English discussion. As for Mr. Pewter himself, he might claim to represent a larger proportion of the electorate than any other character which radio has put before it. Mr. Herbert comments in his Introduction upon the difficulties with which production of 'topicality' dialogue bristles. Nevertheless, he expresses the hope that such difficulties will be systematically overcome—if not by himself. And the recent innovations in the presenting of 'dramatised' News Bulletins would suggest that those difficulties are at least being tackled. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why the experiment of Mr. Pewter should not bear fruit (or fru-it, as he would say) in a new radio tradition. Whether or not, the reader will probably find Mr. Pewter no less amusing in print than the listener found him on the air.

## *Black and White in South Africa*

**Western Civilisation and the Natives of South Africa. Edited by I. Schapera. Routledge. 15s.**  
**Native Policy in Southern Africa. By Ifor L. Evans. Cambridge University Press. 6s.**

UNFORTUNATELY neither of these books is likely to be widely read by the people who would most benefit by reading them—the electorate of the Union of South Africa—although each is probably assured of a good sale in other quarters. If a majority of South African white people—who with minor exceptions alone have a vote in that country—did read these two books, I am confident that they would at once take steps to obtain a change from the present native policy of repression, if only for the sake of their own welfare.

Both books come from the pens of people well qualified for the tasks they have undertaken and neither leaves the reader in any doubt that the native policy of South Africa at the present day is not only unfair to and disliked by the native element, but that it constitutes a real menace to that very white community which is responsible for the existing regime.

The first of the two books comprises a number of specialist essays upon widely varying problems, arising out of the contact of European civilisation with South African native culture. Each of the eleven authors is naturally primarily concerned with his own especial subject, but one finds that one and all lay stress upon one or other of three main points, while some of them stress all three. These points are: (1) That the policy of not leaving the native adequate land for his needs has had, and is having, very serious consequences for the natives themselves, and also for the country as a whole, including its white inhabitants. (2) That the administrative and judicial methods of dealing with native problems in different parts of the country have been very misguided, tending on the one hand to repression and too great a detribalisation, and on the other to a failure to

make the best use of the natives' communistic rather than individualistic tendencies. (3) That the missionaries (who nevertheless come in for a very fair measure of praise) have been too short-sighted in their policies, too prone to condemn everything that was native custom as 'wrong'; and too prone to confuse their teaching of Christianity with the propagation of things that are really nothing more than Western European social customs and ideas.

Of course there are many other matters dealt with besides these. Education, linguistics, music and economics are all discussed in their relation to the native of South Africa, and there is a particularly interesting chapter on native grievances, which has been contributed by an African native. Every chapter in the book is not only full of interest for the general reader, but also full of much food for thought.

Mr. Ifor L. Evans' little book, which is a short and well-planned summary of the native policy of South Africa since the earliest days of English intervention to the present day, makes a very excellent background to the other book. It gives in a clear and unemotional form all the important facts and circumstances in the varied history of South African native policy, and it is interlarded by various shrewd and valuable comments made by a man who has had first-hand personal knowledge of native administration problems in practically all the other British African possessions. Both books contain excellent bibliographies, and each alone is a valuable contribution to the subject of Black and White contact in South Africa. Read together the value of each is more than doubled.

L. S. B. LEAKEY

## New Novels

**Storm in Shanghai.** By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Alastair Macdonald. Methuen. 7s. 6d.  
**The Pope from the Ghetto.** By Gertrud von le Fort. Translated from the German by Conrad M. R. Bonacina Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

**Heaven's My Destination.** By Thornton Wilder. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

ANDRÉ MALRAUX has an established reputation in France, but so far as I know *Storm in Shanghai* is the first of his novels to be translated into English. The translation is excellent: vivid and natural. The story itself is a moving account of a Communist insurrection in Shanghai in 1929 which, after almost succeeding, was defeated partly by the International, partly by allied Chinese generals, and partly by European intrigue. In his description of violence of all kinds Malraux is superb, and the account of the murder at the beginning of the book is probably the best thing in it. The background to all this frenzy of action is equally vivid, and it is created by a few strokes, without set passages of description. The author makes us believe in all the extraordinary things that take place; he seems to have an instinctive knowledge of how men behave in an emergency, an intimate grasp of the mechanics of action. The murder, the capture of rifles by the rebels from a Norwegian ship, the abortive attempt to assassinate Chang Kai Shek, a hostile general, the torturing of the rebels after their capture: all these things are described with superb power and truth. But the characters themselves, Chen the assassin who finds a mystical satisfaction in murder, Kyo the noble man of action, Gisors his father, the contemplative revolutionist, are disconcerting in their mingled truth and unreality. They are all idealised, and in the most curious way; not into something higher than ordinary humanity, but rather into something different from humanity altogether. The author does not succeed any better with his European characters, except for the Russian communist Katow, who is a convincingly human figure. All that these people do is real; but they themselves are thin and remote, hidden behind the veil of action. This does not mean that the book is not a remarkable one; but it is not true throughout, but only at the intense points where action springs into being. The rest is almost theoretical. The reason for this may lie partly in the French title of the book, *La Condition Humaine*. The author was perhaps more concerned to give a picture of the condition of humanity than a description of actual human beings. Yet if the picture was to be true it is obvious that he could not do the one thing without doing the other; and his failure makes his picture of human life more like a bloodthirsty dream than anything that is recognisable as experience. To him it seems that the lot of humanity is to destroy and torture itself for ideal ends. History sometimes supports this view, no doubt, and the second novel on this list contains a great deal of evidence in favour of it, though in spirit the two books are quite different. Perhaps the truth is that Malraux has a cruel imagination. This makes his descriptions of cruelty particularly vivid, but it makes him also isolate cruelty as if it were the main element in human existence, and ignore all the rest, except a kind of idealism that often runs to cruelty. In some ways this may easily be a dangerous book to read, for behind these descriptions of cruelty there is something resembling pleasure in it.

*The Pope from the Ghetto* tells the story of the Jewish anti-Pope Anacletus II, who in the twelfth century brought about a schism in the Roman Catholic Church. The author, Gertrud von le Fort, is also better known in her own country than here, her reputation resting mainly on her poetry. It would be interesting to analyse, if one had time, the reasons why her descriptions of violence and cruelty are so different from those of André Malraux. One reason can be put down to her own fault: she is not nearly so vivid a writer. A more important one is that she is not so technically interested in cruelty, and that she is continuously aware of the characters in her books as human beings, treating them with equal sympathy whether they are Gentiles or Jews, Popes or bravos: in short, never forgetting their humanity. It is always easy to distinguish between her Gentiles and her Jews, her Popes and her bravos; but the things they have in common are far more important than the things in which they differ; and that is almost a criterion of the humanity of a writer. Whether this humanity is a result of the author's religion or of a particularly sound and comprehensive imagination it is hard to say: the effect that her picture of human life produces is, in any case, one of remarkable proportion. She

begins her tale with the grandfather of the future anti-Pope, and tells with complete impartiality the story of the ambiguous relations between the Jewish Pierleone family and the Papacy. We see Petrus Leonis the father, a baptised Jew, faithfully serving the Popes all his life, acting, it seems, with entire honesty, and yet by all his actions bringing nearer the time when his son will split all Christendom in two. We see Miriam, his Jewish wife, the most heroic character in the book, living in hope of the day on which that will happen, and when it does come, being unable to recognise it and dying of grief. In Petrus Leonis the author portrays an honest man, but to all his actions the destiny of his family and of Rome gives a different meaning, and so they become part of a drama which moves outside of them by other laws. All this is done quite simply, by the way in which the happenings are presented. The story is told as a series of imaginary extracts from contemporary records, and this gives both the general march of events and the part played in it by the chief characters. There is no historical detail which would not naturally come into a contemporary chronicle, and none of those comic-opera humorous figures which are the most impudent imposition among the many that usually make up a historical romance; but the actions and thoughts of the characters are so steeped in the time to which they belong that by themselves they recreate it. The book is more distinguished by proportion and justice of presentation than by the vividness of its separate episodes. It is not a great novel, but as proportion and justice are extremely rare qualities in contemporary fiction it can be taken seriously. The translation, one feels, occasionally sacrifices animation to dignity. It reads naturally and easily, however, and has only one irritating fault, a literal adherence to the original in such phrases as 'the little Petrus' and 'the old Rachel', which come quite naturally in German but in English would be far better without the definite article.

In comparison with the two foregoing books, *Heaven's My Destination* seems a manufactured product. It describes the adventures of a simple-minded, upright, well-meaning, somewhat ridiculous American travelling salesman with views on religion, science, banking, chastity and various other things, which he insists on cramming down the throats of everybody he meets. There is a touch of Don Quixote in him, and a touch of Bouvard and Pécuchet; he is made up partly, that is to say, of observation and partly of literary reminiscence, like most of Mr. Wilder's other figures; and no effective use is made of him as a character. Without their logic, the logic of satire, such books as *Don Quixote* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* would be mere knockabout farces like the stories of Charles Lever. Mr. Wilder shows no logic in the development of his story, and he is too discreet to be knockabout. He does make his hero visit a brothel under the impression that it is a respectable family establishment, and manages to get him arrested thrice on unimportant charges. But this innocent fun does not go with the vaguely philosophic cast of the story, from which one seems to be expected to read some deeper meaning. The whole book, indeed, has that dignified neutrality which is characteristic of what Mrs. Leavis has called the 'middle-brow' novel, in which a certain degree of intelligence is always present in a non-irritant form, as an ingredient rather than an operative faculty: a thing to be shown, not to be used. With this goes a limp style: 'He woke with a start. Dick Roberts was thrashing about in his cot. In a choked voice that increased every moment in volume he was crying out, "I can't . . . I can't . . ."' The book is not so obviously romantic in the bad sense as *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* or *The Woman of Andros*; it has no purple patches; but though ostensibly a piece of straightforward comedy, it is just as unreal, and will no doubt be taken just as seriously.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Irreconcilables*, by Bernard Brett (Methuen); *Beside a Norman Tower*, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan); *Never-Ending*, by Barbara Hughes-Stanton (Secker); *And Mr. Wyke Bond*, by W. B. Maxwell (Hutchinson); and *The Seven Pillars*, by W. Fernandez Florez—all at 7s. 6d.



# A MESSAGE FROM HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BROADCAST TO THE EMPIRE ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1933  
FROM SANDRINGHAM

Once again at this season it is my pleasure and privilege to speak directly to all the members of our world-wide family. I do so with profound emotion, as well as with gratitude for the unbroken chain of your loyal greetings this moment delivered to me. In spite of many upheavals and uncertainties, the past year has shown sober progress towards a recovery and setting in order of our respective communities. This is not spectacular work; but what has already been accomplished gives us hope for our present and confidence in our future.

Now that science has practically abolished time and space in our dealings with each other across the width of the world, we are finding out that there is neither time nor room for old habits of thought and action which, though they had their use in the days when communications were slower, are now not needed in our dealings. With this discovery and the pressure of crowded events has arisen an intimate and closer understanding of our problems, as between ourselves, and of the wisest methods to meet them. So it has come about that questions which in the past might have raised long and delaying discussions are now more and more matters of mere adjustment, carried through, in the confidence of mutual faith and honest intention, for the benefit of the family, in family council. And, as I see it, the most significant development of the past year has been the everyday application of this goodwill in our outlook and our policy.

We owe something of the change to modern science; but her gifts would have been useless without the sanity, the patience, and the goodwill of all my peoples; for it is on such qualities that the foundations of national as of personal life are laid—unshakable sanity, invincible patience, and tireless goodwill. These, in the long run, can overcome most things that may be brought against them. In this belief and hope I wish to all who hear me, and especially to the children, whose great day this is, a happy Christmas, with the blessing of peace upon earth to men of goodwill. God bless you.

